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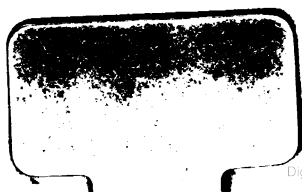
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W. Taylor





# **WALLENSTEIN:**

**DRAMATIC POEM.**

**FROM THE GERMAN OF**

**FREDERICK SCHILLER.**

**VOL. I.**

**EDINBURGH:**

**PRINTED FOR CADELL AND CO. EDINBURGH;  
AND SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL,  
LONDON.**

**1827.**





TO  
SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, BART.

THIS  
TRANSLATION  
OF  
WALLENSTEIN  
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



## PREFACE.

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THE PICCOLOMINI and the DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN are now for the first time presented to the public, as they were left by Schiller. The translator has never yet seen the previous translation of these Dramas by Mr Coleridge, and is acquainted with it only by having several years ago perused some extracts, which were then published in a periodical work. But the impression produced by the perusal of these passages would have been sufficient to deter him from this attempt, had he not understood that the translation of Mr Coleridge, being executed from a manuscript copy, differs essentially from the play as it now exists with the final correc-

tions of Schiller. He understands, from those who have had an opportunity of comparing the translation with the original, that not only is the arrangement of the Acts and Scenes materially altered, but also, that many passages in the translation were subsequently rejected by the critical taste of Schiller ; while many others, some of which are among the finest in the play, are not to be traced at all in the translation of Mr Coleridge. Had there been any probability that Mr Coleridge would himself have been induced to revise and remodel his work, the translator would have willingly left the subject in abler hands ; but as that gentleman seems to have declined the task, the present attempt to exhibit the masterpiece of the German drama, as finally corrected by Schiller, is submitted to the public.

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The dramatic poem of *WALLENSTEIN* is the production of Schiller's maturer powers. The passionate intensity of feeling which had communicated an unnatural fervour to his earlier

works, had been cooled by advancing years; and the exaggerated views of life which he had once entertained, had shrunk to a natural, though still a grand and imposing magnitude, when viewed under the clearer light of experience, and with a more comprehensive and philosophic eye. The success of *Goetz of Berlichingen*, and similar portraits of the rude manners of the feudal times, had convinced him that he had undervalued the effect of mere nature in his earlier plays, while the purity of his taste, now refined by the study of the Greek drama, must have shown him that he had proportionally over-rated the importance, and mistaken the province, of imagination. But the main principle of Schiller's dramatic theories remained in a great measure unchanged, notwithstanding the partial revolution which had gradually taken place in his mind. It appears under certain modifications, in all his Dramas, from the *Robbers* to *Tell*. The refinement of his taste, and the enlargement of his views, had only tended to confirm the impression which he had

early adopted, that *mere* nature and reality was not the object of the dramatist. He saw that such a principle, while it was completely inconsistent with the practice of its advocates, must necessarily tend to degrade the dramatic art ; that the language of poetry would thus be banished from the stage ; that prose itself, in order to be natural, must frequently be vulgar, disjointed, and tedious ; and that, in addition to all the inconveniences of the unities, the drama must thus be deprived of those means of producing effect, which even the extreme rigour of French criticism had admitted to be legitimate and necessary. The illusion to be effected appeared to him to be a qualified, and not an absolute illusion. It was *resemblance* to nature, and not *identity*, at which he aimed ; and the attempt to increase the effect of *dramatic* illusion, by a literal imitation of nature, seemed to him like the addition of colour to the pure and simple beauty of a marble statue, which destroyed the impression previously produced, by endeavouring to heighten it. To fix the

limits, therefore, of the actual and the ideal in the drama ; and to show how the realities of a military and political interest might be blended with the more perfect and imaginary beauty to which his own mind gave birth, in such a manner as to produce the most effective practical result, was the problem of which Schiller has attempted the solution in this magnificent TRILOGY.

A national subject seemed to afford the best ground-work for such an experiment. The striking events of the war, which for thirty years had spread desolation from the Po to the Baltic, and from the interior of Bohemia to the mouth of the Schelde, had already been portrayed by Schiller with the eloquence of a poet, and the profound and comprehensive views of a philosophical historian. Among the remarkable men who appeared upon the scene during that eventful period, Gustavus Adolphus, and Wallenstein Duke of Friedland, rivals in military renown, and opposed to each other in character almost as strongly as in everything else, are the most

conspicuous. Schiller appears at one time to have contemplated an Epic poem on the subject, of which Gustavus was to be the hero; but maturer reflection led him to abandon the design. The character of Friedland, strange, mysterious, and imperfectly known in its details, but commanding and vast in its general outlines, now occurred to him as possessing the qualities suited to his purpose, and was at last selected, after much consideration and care. But the plan of Schiller was not limited to the developement of a single character. His object was to present a broad and splendid picture of society as it had been influenced by warfare, religious controversy, military despotism and ambition; to blend all that was or could be rendered dramatic and poetical in the Thirty Years' War; and to present these general views and picturesque combinations in connexion with the striking individual character of Wallenstein, in the shadowy and almost unexplored recesses of which his imagination would have full scope for its creative powers, while the general out-



lines supplied by history, insured that degree of reality and resemblance in the delineation, which appeared to him to be adapted to *dramatic* illusion. The extent of a single Drama was soon found to be altogether insufficient for this purpose; and the crowd of ideas and pictures which multiplied upon him, expanded themselves at last into a Cyclus of Dramas, or Dramatic Poem in three parts, viz.—THE CAMP OF WALLENSTEIN—THE PICCOLOMINI—and THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

The CAMP forms, as it were, an overture to the two regular Dramas. It contains no plot, but exhibits a picture of the military life of that discordant horde, which, after fifteen years of warfare, had sat down like locusts upon the plains of Pilsen; men of all religions, or of none; wanderers on the earth, with no home but the garrison and the camp—no relationship but the brotherhood of arms—no property but the “universal sun:” United by no ties of patriotism, of loyalty, of birth, of language, or of feeling,—and bound together only by the remembrance of dangers and sufferings shared

side by side, by the forcible bond of an unsparring discipline, a common appetite for plunder, and a common awe and admiration of that mysterious leader, who subdued all minds by the talisman of terror. There is something in the very tone of the versification and cast of the dialogue, (which is written in a provincial jargon, with strange rhymes and double endings,) that is essentially military. The air around seems filled with the neighing of horses, the din of arms, the alarum of the drum and fife, and the clamour of the trumpet. The piece leaves on the mind all that impression of gay and glittering confusion, which the real camp of Wallenstein must have excited. The Uhlan, the Croat, the Walloon, the Spaniard, and the Italian, are seen mingling among each other, drinking, laughing, cooking, singing, or gaming; here a peasant and his son arranging their schemes of roguery against the new comers from the Saal and the Maine—or a Sharpshooter cheating a Croat of his plunder; there a quarrel about a market-girl, or a young recruit strutting in his new military garb, and already in anticipation

a Colonel of Cuirassiers—while the whole is crowned by the sermon of a Capuchin, delivered in the midst of the riotous assembly, stuffed with puns and perverted texts, and seasoned with severe reflections on the audience and their officers. Then, again, a Cabinet Council takes place among another party, over their wine ; the state of matters—past, present, and to come—is canvassed ; slight and coarse, but nervous sketches of Wallenstein and his leaders are given, and vague and obscure glimpses of the intrigues of the camp. The party close the debate by joining hands, and singing in chorus the following song, which embodies the mingled spirit of recklessness and homely pathos, which seems to form the leading idea of the camp.

Then rouse ye, brave comrades—to horse and ride!—  
 Ride on to the field and to freedom :  
 In the field must the worth of a man be tried,  
 True hearts must be sought when they need 'em :  
 He can hope no aid from another's hand,  
 By himself alone he must fall or stand.

Away from the world has fair liberty fled,  
 We meet but the master and master'd,  
 And falsehood and cunning are crown'd instead,  
 By the race of the knave and the dastard.  
 He who Death in the face with a smile can view—  
 The Soldier alone is the freeman true.

The troubles of life he can cast aside,  
Shake hands with all fear and sorrow ;  
In the face of his foe he can boldly ride,  
He meets him to-day or to morrow ;  
And if met to-morrow—Why then, to-day  
Let him taste life's pleasures while yet he may.

From Heaven itself comes his easy pay,  
He needs not to toll or to strain for't ;  
The farmer he gropes in the ground a way,  
And delves in earth's bowels with pain for't ;  
He delves and shovels till life is past,  
And digs till he digs his own grave at last.

The horseman and horse, in bower and stall,  
Are guests that are seldom slighted ;  
When the lamps are bright in the bridal-hall,  
He comes to the feast uninvited ;  
He woos not with gold, with vows or sighs,  
But by storm he carries away the prize.

Why weeps the fair maiden ? why mourns she so ?  
That her lover hath left her behind him ?  
What home on earth can the soldier know—  
What true love e'er could bind him ?  
His restless fate it hurries him on  
Ere his heart can fix, he is here and gone.

Then rouse ye, brave comrades—to horse and away !  
Ride on to the field ye true-hearted !  
Youth smiles around us—life sparkles gay,  
Then drink, ere its foam hath departed !  
And he that would startle at life or limb,  
No prize in life's lottery was meant for him.

Unfortunately this singular drama defies translation. The provincialisms of the original, which give to the piece such an air of truth and

nature, would appear merely vulgar in English ; and the puns and quibbles, the proverbial and idiomatic expressions, with which it abounds, bid defiance to any translator who does not boast the talent of Voss or Schlegel. The idea has therefore been abandoned, after several attempts, and with much reluctance ; for every one who is acquainted with the original, must feel that this warlike prologue is highly conducive to the effect of the Drama. It portrays, with a vividness which no description could reach, the state of that body over which Wallenstein ruled ; and inspires the mind, by anticipation, with a profound veneration for the presiding spirit which binds the many-nationed mass together ; whose name is ever in their mouths in revelry or peril ; and who is the object of universal reverence, where nothing else, human or divine, appears to be respected.

In one sense, the Drama of *THE PICCOLINI*, which follows, is also introductory. It forms no complete action in itself, but breaks off, like a conversation interrupted in the mid-

dle.\* It developes, however, the gradual progress of those intrigues, by which Wallenstein, long wavering between loyalty and ambition, is at last impelled to revolt and ruin ; and it raises us from the sphere of the soldiery, to that of the officers, who are his friends, his instruments, or his rivals. The schemes by which his pretended friend, Octavio Piccolomini, is gradually undermining his influence with the army, and betraying to the Emperor all which had been communicated to him by the rash confidence of Wallenstein ; the councils, the banquets, and the intrigues of these chiefs—the mission of Questenberg—and the defence of the measures of Wallenstein, form the main business of the play, which is necessarily therefore, in some parts, of a cold and almost prosaic character. But even here, the animation which is spread over all by the youthful eloquence and feeling of Max Piccolomini, and the loveliness and artlessness of Thekla, relieves the technicality of the scene,

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\* *Mad. de Staël.*

and, without interfering with the necessary exposition and movement of the piece, exalts and idealizes the whole. Such is the effect of the defence of Wallenstein, and the splendid apostrophe to peace, in the first act—the reply of Wallenstein to Terzky, in the second, when he urges him to immediate action—the scenes between Max and Thekla, in the third—with many occasional bursts of eloquence and feeling through the rest. Indeed, even the prosaic character of many of the scenes only illustrates more completely the elaborate art with which the whole of this extensive picture was studied and arranged by Schiller, and lends additional lustre to the fire of that brilliant poetry, which, thus betraying itself in occasional flashes in *THE PICCOLOMINI*, rises into a clear and steady flame as the course of events becomes more agitating, and the tragic interest deepens in *THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN*.

It is here only that the characters of the drama can be said to be fully developed, and only towards its close that we appreciate the full

strength of that of Wallenstein. In *THE PICCOLOMINI* we see him only in the cold and comparatively uninteresting character of the politician, weaving with a circumspection that seems almost to border upon cowardice, the web of his wide-reaching and ambitious policy, calculating every chance, and providing against every possible emergency. And yet, amidst all this wavering and calculation, the impression never leaves us that Wallenstein is a great and powerful character. The art of the author has produced this effect, by a reflected rather than a direct impression; by the exhibition of the influence of his character on others, and the awe and veneration which he commands from the stormy spirits by whom he is surrounded. His soldiers see before them not the irresolute politician, but the conqueror of Mansfeld and the rival of Gustavus; the man, at whose breath armies arose and disappeared, like magical creations. The splendour of a long career of victory is before their eye; the cannon of Nuremberg and Lützen are sounding in their ear.



From their submissive respect, we are impressed with a feeling of power, latent indeed, and obscured by the caution and policy under which it is shrouded, but ready again to exert its energies when the hour of action shall arrive : and we await with confidence the coming of the moment, when irresolution shall disappear before the pressure of circumstances, and the real fire and vigour of Wallenstein shall be displayed. Nor are these expectations disappointed. It is when all his friends begin to despair—when the blow, which would have paralysed less vigorous minds, has fallen—that Wallenstein becomes himself again. Betrayed by his friend—deserted by his army—proscribed, and almost forsaken—he retires to Egra, still confident in himself and in his fortune. Perhaps no scene in the whole compass of the Drama is more striking than those in the Fifth Act, which precede his murder. Omens and dreams unite to shake his mind ; and the remembrance of Max Piccolomini, the friend whom he has now lost for ever—in whose youthful enthusiasm he had de-

lighted to retrace and revive his own—presses on his heart with an ominous despondency. But he summons his energies to his aid ; he despises the prognostics of his attendants ; and retires to that rest from which he is destined never to awake, in confident anticipation of the speedy rising of the higher flood which is “ to follow on this ebbing of his fortunes.”

What a profound and admirable moral, too, lies beneath this conflict of opposing hopes and fears in the character of Wallenstein—this irresolution of thought—this inconsequence of action ? Wallenstein is, indeed, the same man he had been in his career of glory, but the design which he now contemplates is fearfully different. If he had formerly sacrificed the rights of individuals to swell the power of his master, his offences were less of a moral than of a political nature, and they were, at all events, gilded by the sanction of the Imperial name, and defended by the necessity of the times. But he is now to do a deed which all men unite to reprobate. He is now about to fight against public

opinion, and the tyranny of custom ; to dissolve the ties of friendship and of country ; to shake the long established majesty of power ; and to be branded with the name of traitor. His own judgment would lead him to despise these feelings, but he knows the importance of such prepossessions as an element in his calculation of success, and he almost shudders at the dreary prospect which lies before him. He is haunted, too, by the occasional memory of ancient friendship and the warnings of conscience. A fearful looking for of judgment lies heavy at his heart, obscuring the intellect which was formerly so clear, and paralysing the resolution which was so rapid and inflexible. How much more true to nature, and more touching to the feelings, is this chaos of uncertainty, and these struggles of the heart, than the exhibition of a uniform and consistent greatness? What situation can be more deeply *tragic*—what picture more profoundly instructive and affecting?

The sympathy which is excited by the display of this conflict of mind, is artfully height-

ened by the display of the gentler features of Wallenstein's character, his attachment to his family, his love for Max Piccolomini, and his credulous confidence in Octavio; while the whole character is elevated into the sphere of the romantic by his belief in astrology—which thus forms the connecting link between the realities of the scene, and the higher ideal which appeared to Schiller necessary to complete the picture.

For the barrenness of a military and political interest seemed to him insufficient for his purpose. Hence, amidst the jealousies, the selfishness, the recklessness, and the crimes of the camp, two beings of another mould, the creatures of his own imagination, are introduced—Max Piccolomini, the son of Octavio, and Thekla, the daughter of Wallenstein. Max is the very model of a hero. Young in years, but old in bravery and military experience, he is the idol of his troops, and the favourite of his General. A war of fifteen years has left him little opportunity for mental improvement, but the instinc-

tive refinement and excellence of his character has preserved his purity and rectitude of feeling, where all around have been debased and corrupted. Open and undisguised, he detests the cold and crooked policy of his father; he loves and confides in Wallenstein, he cannot suspect the possibility of his treachery, or abandon his confidence in the truth and dignity of man. Thekla, again, stepping from the convent to the camp, dazzled by the contrast of its stir and splendour with the cloistered stillness of her former life, indulging in golden visions of the future, and yielding, without resistance, to the influence of a first affection for the being who embodies in his person all the poetry of this her new existence—is another of those forms, so shadowy, so delicate, and yet withal so true and so beautiful, as none but Shakspeare and Schiller have ventured to portray.

Much of the interest of the story of Max and Thekla arises from that presentiment with which, from the first, we regard their fate. Their course of love cannot run smooth, for

“ War, death, and sickness, have laid siege to it.”

We see, at once, that beings of so tender a mould were never made to move with safety through the ranks of the iron-handed and iron-hearted multitude by whom they are surrounded. But the beauties of these characters, as they are gradually developed, confirm the impression which is at first produced by other causes. Thekla, in particular, as the powers of her mind are called forth by the pressure of circumstances, displays a capacity of quiet endurance, which contrasts beautifully with her timidity when first introduced—an unobtrusive but determined energy, which, unknown even to the possessor, had lain deep within the fountain of the heart, till drawn up by the strong cord of misfortune. When the decisive step is at last taken by Wallenstein, and all doubt as to his treason is at an end, how affecting is that final interview between the lovers, in which she advises Max to follow the first impulse of his feelings, and to leave her to her fate ! They affect no stoical indifference, and no unwavering resolution : “ They shed some natural tears ”

on leaving their ideal paradise, but they "wipe them soon"—they linger and falter for a moment on the threshold, but their principles are finally triumphant—and they set forward at last, with a sad but resolute devotion, in the separate paths in life into which they are now impelled, by the crimes of those to whom their destinies are attached by nature or by duty.

What a scene, too, is that which succeeds this parting, when the news of the fate of Max arrive, and when Thekla, after recovering from the first stroke of her calamity, receives the messenger of these evil tidings, and listens to the story of his death! Every word is simplicity itself. There is no imagery, no ornament, nothing but the plain narrative of the soldier, and yet every expression is instinct with feeling, and penetrates to the heart. The lyrical soliloquy of Thekla, which concludes the act, is perhaps the masterpiece of the play.

The blending of the domestic plot of the love of Max and Thekla with the conspiracy of Walenstein, has, however, been censured by some

German, and by several French critics; but the objection appears to proceed from a very mistaken and limited view of the design of Schiller, and even of dramatic art in general. Independently of the exquisite beauty of that part of the drama, it was essential to the effect which it was the object of Schiller to produce. There must be some personages in the drama, on whom those sympathies, which are denied to the actors in the political intrigues of the camp, can be bestowed; and Wallenstein himself was calculated only to excite an imperfect sympathy, from the disapprobation with which his principles of action are necessarily regarded. It is true, that misfortune may be rendered pathetic even when united with guilt. Macbeth himself excites our pity, when his way of life hath fallen into the sere, and when, like Wallenstein, he foresees the approaching loss of honour and friends, and the curses, not loud but deep, that will accompany him to his grave. But the full influence of the pathetic can be felt only for the union of innocence with misfortune—when the



guiltless are impelled to ruin by circumstances over which they have no control, or when their virtues themselves are rendered the instruments of their fall ; and it is thus only, over the early fate of Max and Thekla, that we can pour out that full and spontaneous sympathy, which is but imperfectly accorded to the misfortunes of Wallenstein. Besides, this domestic plot was necessary for another purpose. To have traced the consequences of Wallenstein's crime only in its more general and political bearings, would have been to have exhibited it in its least striking point of view. The influence of political crimes must be traced in their private as well as their public operation ; and it is in this picture of the domestic griefs of Wallenstein's family—in the deep despondency of the Duchess—in the blighted hopes of Max and Thekla—in these harassing interviews, and this agonizing farewell—that we first perceive the full extent of the evils he has caused, and the fatal and comprehensive consequences of his political delinquency. .

Of the inferior agents in the Drama, OCTAVIO and BUTTLER are the most prominently drawn. OCTAVIO is the representative of worldly prudence; cold, calculating, heartless; shrewd, and eloquent in discourse; sceptical as to the existence of virtue; doubtful of all innovation; destitute of all enthusiasm; walking only by the settled rule of law and immediate expediency. He does not, indeed, impel Wallenstein into the snare, that he may afterwards betray his confidence; but he remains passive, though he foresees the ruin which is impending over him. He sees his friend tottering on the brink of a precipice, without stretching out a hand to save him; and when he sinks, he satisfies his conscience with the poor apology, that *he* has done nothing to accelerate his fall. OCTAVIO is not indeed a villain; for he acts upon an abstract principle of right, even in his conduct to Wallenstein. His treachery to him is loyalty to the Emperor; and yet the sentiment he awakes is undoubtedly one of dislike and disgust. In the Drama, and even in real life, the mere negation of virtue

and feeling often appears more odious than the existence of a positive vice, when redeemed by the possession of some noble and commanding quality. All the peculiarities, too, of Octavio's character are still more strongly brought out by contrast with the dazzling splendour of that of his son. It is the contest of youth with age, of enthusiasm with calculation, of openness with concealment, and of straight-forward sincerity with the devious course of policy and caution.

BUTTLER is another character on which Schiller seems to have bestowed considerable labour, and not without success. He is represented as a man originally destitute of birth, or the advantages of education ; a child of fortune, who has worked his way, partly by the influence of circumstances, and partly by the possession of those qualities which are most in demand in times of tumult and peril, to military distinction and honourable rank ; but conscious that he is an object of envy or contempt to his rivals, and continually on the watch, lest a sneer or a reflection should be cast upon his honour. It is by

means of this nervous sensibility to insult, that he is at once converted, by the policy of Octavio Piccolomini, from the zealous defender and partisan of Wallenstein into his murderer. It is to be regretted, however, that Schiller should have found it necessary to introduce this trait, which breaks the *dramatic* harmony of Wallenstein's character, and which, in fact, goes beyond the real incident from which the hint was taken.\* A gloomy principle of fatalism completes the character of Buttler, and invests it towards its close with a sombre and dreary grandeur.

The other military characters of the play are more lightly touched, and are scarcely distinguished from each other by any strong characteristic traits. We see them chiefly engaged in

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\* In the play, Wallenstein is represented as first advising Buttler to apply for the title of Count, and then as writing to the Minister to punish his presumption. The real fact, as related in the Thirty Years' War, was, that Wallenstein, after recommending a similar measure to Illo, sent private advice at the same time to the Court to refuse the title, on the ground that it would give rise to many similar applications.

matters of a public interest, in which individuality of character is almost effaced by the common duties, and habits, and discipline of a military life. They are drawn with little to attract, but the force of historical truth; brave, indeed, and jealous of honour, but all cold and heartless; all sensual and unprincipled; all disguising selfishness and ambition under the mask of attachment to their leader or their sovereign. They are but the creatures of "The Camp," hiding their vices under the varnish of more sounding titles, and a more imposing exterior.

Such is this splendid Poem, on which the labour of seven years was bestowed, and which embodies in their most striking form, the breadth and comprehensiveness of Schiller's dramatic views. Rich as it is in individual beauties—in passages of lyrical sweetness—in deep and striking reflections—in scenes of mournful tenderness—in energetic bursts of tragic passion—it is not from these scattered excellencies that the merits of *Wallenstein* can be appreciated. Like every great work of art, its strength lies

in their union, in the blending of extensive general views with these beauties of detail, and in the profound art, with which its vast and almost conflicting materials are reduced to a uniform and consistent whole.

# **THE PICCOLOMINI.**

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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WALLENSTEIN, DUKE OF FRIEDLAND, *Imperial Generalissimo in the Thirty Years' War.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant-General.*

MAX PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Cuirassier Regiment.*

COUNT TERZKY, *Wallenstein's Brother-in-law, and Commander of several Regiments.*

ILLO, *Field-marshal—Wallenstein's Confident.*

ISOLANI, *General of the Croats.*

BUTTLE, *Colonel of a Dragoon Regiment.*

TIEFENBACH

DON MARADAS

GOETZ

COLALTO

} *Generals under Wallenstein.*

CAPTAIN NEUMANN, *Terzky's Adjutant.*

QUESTENBERG, *Councillor and Envoy from the Emperor.*

BAPTISTA SENI, *Astrologer to Wallenstein.*

DUCHESS of FRIEDLAND.

THEKLA, *Princess of FRIEDLAND, her Daughter.*

COUNTESS TERZKY, *Sister to Wallenstein.*

A CORNET.

CELLAR MASTER of Count Terzky.

PAGES and ATTENDANTS, MUSICIANS, &c.

SCENE—*The Town of Pilsen, in Bohemia.*



# THE PICCOLOMINI.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*An old Gothic Hall in the Council-House at Pilsen,  
ornamented with colours, and other warlike trophies.*

ILLO, *meeting* BUTTLER and ISOLANI.

ILLO.

Late come ye—but ye come. The journey's length  
Excuses your delay, Count Isolani.

ISOLANI.

We come, ye see, and not with empty hands !

VOL. I.

A

By Donauwerth it was announced to us  
A Swedish convoy was upon its way,  
Stored with provisions—near six hundred waggons.  
My Croats soon laid hands upon the booty,  
And brought it hither.

ILLO.

Just in time it comes  
To feast the noble train assembled here.

BUTTLER.

All is in motion here, I see.

ISOLANI.

Ay, ay !

The very churches are with soldiers fill'd,

[*Looking around.*

And here within the council-house I see  
Ye have made good your post. Well, well ! the soldier  
Must shift, and find his quarters where he can.

ILLO.

Full thirty regiments, with their Colonels, are  
Already muster'd—Terzky, Tiefenbach,  
Kolalto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,

And son and father Piccolomini ;  
And many an ancient friend are here to greet ye :  
Gallas and Altringer alone are wanting.

BUTTLER.

Wait not for Gallas !

ILLO (*starts*).

How so ? Know ye aught ?—

ISOLANI (*interrupting him*).

Max Piccolomini here !—O lead me to him !  
I see him as he was ten years ago,  
When we encounter'd Mansfeld at Dessau—  
When from the bridge he leap'd his charger down,  
And to his father, in the hour of danger,  
Swam through the raging waters of the Elbe—  
The tender down then scarcely cloth'd his chin,  
Now, as I hear, the warrior's fully form'd.

ILLO.

To-day thou'lt see him.—From Carinthia hither  
He guides the Duchess and the Princess Friedland ;  
By noon they are expected to arrive.

BUTTLE.

And brings the Prince his wife and daughter hither ?  
He brings together many.—

ISOLANI.

Why—the better—

I did expect to hear of nought but marches,  
Bombardments, and assaults.—But see—the Duke  
Takes care, amidst war's tumults, to provide  
Some lovely objects to refresh our eyes.

ILLO (*who has stood musing—to BUTTLER, leading  
a little aside*).

How know'st thou that Count Gallas will not come ?

BUTTLE (*with meaning*).

Because he labour'd to detain me too.

ILLO (*pressing his hand*).

But you stood firm and true—Brave Buttle !

BUTTLE.

After

The favour which the Duke so late conferr'd—

ILLO.

The Major-Generalship—I give you joy !—

ISOLANI (*advancing*).

Of the regiment which the Duke hath lately given him ;  
Is it not so ?—the same, too, as I hear,  
In which from out the ranks he upwards rose.  
'Twas wisely done ; for the whole army feels  
Inspired by such examples, when an old  
And tried campaigner makes his way.

BUTTLER.

I doubt

If I may yet receive your gratulations ;  
The Emperor's confirmation still is wanting.

ISOLANI.

Lay hold—lay hold—the hand that gave the post  
Is powerful to maintain thee there, in spite  
Of Emperor or Minister.

ILLO.

Were we all

As scrupulous—Why, the Emperor gives us nothing ;  
'Tis from the Duke comes all we have or hope for.

ISOLANI (*to ILLO*).

Field-marshal, have I told thee that the Prince

Himself will satisfy my creditors,  
Will be himself my paymaster in future,  
And teach me how to live with rule and method?  
And this, bethink thee, is the third time, too,  
This princely-minded man hath thus stepp'd forth  
To save me from dishonour and from ruin.

ILLO.

Were he but free to act as he would wish,  
He'd share his lands and treasure with his soldiers ;  
But in Vienna they confine his hand,  
And clip his wings as closely as they can.  
There, now, this Questenberg is come to make  
Some new demand of us.

BUTTLER.

I too have heard  
Of these Imperial demands, but hope  
The Duke will not recede a single step.

ILLO.

Not from his rights, be sure, but from his place,  
Perchance——



BUTTLER.

How? Know ye aught? Ye do alarm me.

ISOLANI (*at the same time*).

'Twould be the ruin of us all.

ILLO.

Break off;

I see our man even now approaching, led

By General Piccolomini.

BUTTLER (*shaking his head musingly*).

I fear

We shall not go from hence as we have come.

## SCENE II.

*The same.* OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. QUESTEN-

BERG.

OCTAVIO (*still at a distance*).

More guests still crowding hither; friend, confess,

Nought but a long and woeful war like this

Could bring so many laurel-wreathed heads  
Within the circuit of a single camp.

QUESTENBERG.

Let no man venture near to Friedland's camp  
That would think evil of the war—almost  
I had myself forgot its plagues and terrors,  
In that imposing spectacle of order,  
By which this world-destroying war's supported,  
And in the greatness to which war gives birth.

OCTAVIO.

And see, a noble pair, worthy to close  
The catalogue of heroes—Isolani  
And Colonel Buttler. Here at once we see

[*Presenting* BUTTLER and ISOLANI.

War's portraiture, *Strength* and *Rapidity*.

QUESTENBERG (*to* OCTAVIO).

Yes, when 'twixt both experienced *Prudence* stands.

OCTAVIO (*presenting* QUESTENBERG).

The Chamberlain and Councillor, Questenberg,  
The bearer of the Emperor's gracious message,  
The soldier's friend and patron, do we greet

With welcome in this honour'd guest.

[*A general silence.*]

ILLO (*approaching* QUESTENBERG).

Methinks,

Sir Minister, 'tis not the first of visits

That thou hast paid us in our poor encampment.

QUESTENBERG.

Once, and but once before, I saw these colours.

ILLO.

And canst thou not remember where *that* was?

'Twas in Moravia, at Znaim, where thou

Wert sent to us, i' the Emperor's name, to beg

The Duke to take upon him the command.

QUESTENBERG.

To *beg*, Sir General?—so far, methinks,

Went neither my commission nor my zeal.

ILLO.

Why, to compel him, then, if you will have it.

I can remember it right well: Count Tilly

Was on the Lech defeated; open lay

Bavaria to the foe, and nought obstructed

His march into the very heart of Austria ;  
Then 'twas that *thou* and Werdenberg appear'd  
Before our General, heaping prayer on prayer,  
And threat'ning him with th' Emperor's displeasure,  
Should he refuse to hear your piteous pleading.

ISOLANI (*advancing*).

Ay, ay ! the reason's plain, Sir Minister,  
Why, when thou think'st upon the present visit,  
Thou would'st forget the purpose of the last.

QUESTENBERG.

And wherefore should I ? 'twixt the two there is  
No contradiction : Then the purpose was,  
To wrest Bohemia from the foe ; and now,  
To rid it of its friends and its protectors.

ILLO.

A noble office ! When our blood hath wrung  
Bohemia from the Saxons, our reward  
Shall be, to be expell'd from thence ourselves.

QUESTENBERG.

Unless one evil for another only

Can be exchanged, this hapless country must be  
Freed from the scourge of *friends* as well as foes.

ILLO.

Poh!—'twas a fertile year—the boor can bear  
The requisition.

QUESTENBERG.

If thou speak'st alone  
Of cattle or of pastures—that may be.

ISOLANI.

War is by war maintain'd—If boors are lost,  
So many more the Emperor gains in soldiers.

QUESTENBERG.

And by so many subjects is he poorer.

ISOLANI.

Poh! we are all his subjects, boor or soldier.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, Count, but with a difference : Some fill  
With useful industry his coffers, others  
Know nothing save the way to empty them ;  
The sword hath made the Emperor poor—the plough  
It is that must again restore his strength.

BUTTLER.

The Emperor were not poor, but for the leeches  
That suck the blood and marrow of the land.

ISOLANI.

Nay, nay, things cannot be so bad ; I see  
[*Looking at the rich dress of* QUESTENBERG.  
That all the gold is not yet brought to the mint.

QUESTENBERG.

Not all, thank God ; some little still is saved  
Out of the clutches of your Croats here.

ILLO.

There's that Slavata, now, and Martinitz,  
On whom the Emperor, to the discontent  
Of every good Bohemian, heaps his bounties,  
Who fatten on the spoils of banish'd burghers ;  
Who flourish rankly where all else decays ;  
Who reap their harvest from the public wreck ;  
Who, in their regal splendour, laugh to scorn  
The country's woes—let these, and such as these,  
Support this wasting and destroying war,  
And feed the flame which they themselves have kindled.

## BUTTLER.

Ay; and those courtly parasites, whose feet  
 Are ever planted under the Emperor's table,  
 Catching at every benefice that offers :  
 They would curtail the soldier, that must fight  
 Their battles, of his bread and of his pay.

## ISOLANI.

I never shall forget—Seven years ago,  
 When to Vienna I was sent to obtain  
 Remounts of horses for our cavalry,  
 How, from one antechamber to another,  
 They turn'd me round and round, and left me standing  
 Beneath the threshold, ay, for hours together.  
 At last a Capuchin was sent to me;  
 I thought, God wot, it must be for my sins.  
 Not so; but this, sir, was the man with whom  
 I was to drive a bargain for my horses.  
 I was compell'd to go with nothing done;  
 And in three days the Prince procured for me  
 What in Vienna thirty fail'd to gain.

\* "Who cannot let a benefice fall let thy  
 \* Snap at it with dog's hunger."  
*Cotteridge*

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, and 'twas smartly rated in the account :  
I know that we shall soundly pay for all.

ILLO.

War is a rugged and a ruthless trade—  
Nought can be done by gentle means : Some evils  
Must be expected. Were a man to wait  
Till, in Vienna, out of four-and-twenty  
Ye chose the least, he might indeed wait long.  
Right through at once—that is the better course !  
Come then what may ! For men are wont too often  
Only by shreds and patches to resolve,  
And find, in fact, a stern necessity  
More welcome than the bitterness of choice.

QUESTENBERG.

O ! true—The Prince would spare us that fatigue !

ILLO.

The Prince is like a father to his troops :  
We see how differently the Emperor feels.

QUESTENBERG.

The Emperor has a heart for all alike,  
And cannot sink one rank to raise another.



ISOLANI.

And yet he drives us hence, like beasts of prey,  
That his more favour'd sheep may feed in safety.

QUESTENBERG (*contemptuously*).

Count, the comparison is yours, not mine.

ILLO.

Yet, were we what the Count would seem to hold us,  
It *might* be dangerous thus to set us free.

QUESTENBERG (*with solemnity*).

The freedom is not given, but taken, sir;  
But now the time is come to bridle it.

ILLO.

A restive steed expect to find in us.

QUESTENBERG.

A better rider may be found to rule him.

ILLO.

He bears no rider save the man that tamed him.

QUESTENBERG.

Once tame him only, and a child may lead him.

ILLO.

The *child*, we understand, is found already.

O What is thus marked here, Fifth-  
wards, is not to be found in  
Chenidge's translation.

QUESTENBERG.

Look to your *duty*, sir, and not the *name*.

BUTTLER (*who has stood aside with PICCOLOMINI, but with visible interest in the conversation, advances*).

Sir President, the Emperor has in Germany  
A goodly army muster'd—There encamp  
Full thirty thousand troops within this realm ;  
Full sixteen thousand in Silesia ;  
Ten regiments on the Weser, Rhine, and Maine ;  
In Swabia six, and in Bavaria twelve,  
That on their borders hold the Swede at bay ;  
Not to enumerate the garrisons  
That on the frontiers guard the fortresses.  
This warlike engine moves but at the beck  
Of Wallenstein. Its leaders all are nursed  
In the same school of discipline ; one milk  
Hath nourish'd them ; one heart inspires them all.  
Strangers they stand upon the soil they tread,  
For service is their only house and home.  
They fight not for their country's cause ; for thousands,

Like me, were born beneath another sky—  
 Not for the Emperor—More than half deserted  
 From foreign services to ours, and fight  
 Indifferent, if beneath the Double Eagle,  
 Beneath the Lion, or the Fleur-de-Lys.  
 But o'er this fiery mass *one* leader rules  
 With equal sway, by equal hope and fear  
 Binding the many-nation'd horde in one.  
 And as the lightning's flash, from heaven to earth  
 Drawn by the guiding rod, glides swiftly down,  
 So flies his watchword from the farthest sentry  
 That on the Baltic hears the breakers roar,  
 Or stands within Adige's fruitful vales,  
 Even to the nearest guard that holds his post  
 Within the palace in the capital.

QUESTENBERG.

What's the brief meaning of this long harangue?

BUTTLE.

That the respect, the love, the confidence,  
 That bind us in subjection thus to Friedland,  
 Are not so lightly to be bought and sold

To the first bidder that Vienna sends.  
 We cannot quite so easily forget  
 How this command was placed in Friedland's hands.  
 Was it, forsooth, the Emperor's majesty  
 That gave the army to his hand, and sought  
 A leader only for his forces?—No!  
 The army had as yet no being—*He*,  
*He* must create that army. He received not,  
 But gave it to the Emperor. Not from *him*  
 Did we receive our Wallenstein as leader—  
 Not so, Sir Councillor—Through Wallenstein  
 We first received the Emperor as master:—  
*He* binds us—*he* alone—to these our banners.

OCTAVIO (*advancing between them*).

Sir Councillor, I pray thee to remember  
 That we are in the camp, and among warriors.  
 'Tis liberty and boldness makes the soldier:  
 If he is bold in action, must he not  
 Be bold in speech—one leads unto the other.  
 The bravery of this worthy officer,

[*Pointing to* BUTTLER.]

Which in this instance but o'ersteps its bound,  
Preserved, when nothing else but boldness could,  
Amidst a fearful mutiny, his capital  
Of Prague for the Emperor.

[ *Warlike music is heard from a distance.*

ILLO.

'Tis they—they come !

The guard salutes their entrance ; and this signal  
Informs us that the Duchess is arrived.

OCTAVIO (*to QUESTENBERG*).

Then my son Max too is return'd : 'twas he  
Was their conductor from Carinthia hither.

ISOLANI (*to ILLO*).

Come—shall we go together then, and greet them ?

ILLO.

With all my heart, friend.—Colonel Buttler, come.—

[ *To OCTAVIO.*

Remember, that ere noon we meet again  
This gentleman, in presence of the Prince.

## SCENE III.

OCTAVIO and QUESTENBERG (*who remain*).

QUESTENBERG (*with signs of astonishment*).

What must I listen to, Lieutenant-General?—

What uncontroll'd audacity?—what language?—

Are such as these the sentiments of all?—

OCTAVIO.

Three-fourths of th' army feel and speak as they.

QUESTENBERG.

Alas! where shall we find a second then

To watch the first? This Illo, I can see,

Thinks worse even than he speaks; and Buttler, too,

Scarce labour'd to conceal his evil meaning.

OCTAVIO.

'Tis petulance—offended pride—no more.

Of him I shall have hope. I know the spell

By which this evil spirit may be laid.

QUESTENBERG (*walking about in great uneasiness*).

Nay ! this is worse, far worse, my friend, than aught  
That we had ever dreamt of in Vienna.

We look'd upon it but with courtiers' eyes,  
Whose sight the splendour of the throne had blinded ;  
The great commander then we had not seen—  
The omnipotent, in his encampment here:

*Here 'tis far otherwise !—*

*Here is no Emperor more !—the Prince is Emperor !—*

The circuit which even now I made with thee  
Around this camp, has sunk my hopes for ever.

OCTAVIO.

Thou dost thyself perceive, my friend, how dangerous

The office is the Court hath laid on me—

How delicate the part I have to play,

The slenderest suspicion of the Duke

Would cost me liberty and life at once,

And but accelerate to its completion

His daring purpose.

QUESTENBERG.

Where was our reflection,

When to this madman's grasp we gave the sword,  
And placed a power like this in hands like these !  
Too strong for his ill-guarded heart hath proved  
The dark temptation : Even a better man  
Had fail'd beneath the fiery trial. He,  
I tell thee, will resist the Emperor's orders—  
He can, and will ;—and his unpunish'd daring  
Will but more shamefully expose our weakness.

OCTAVIO.

And think'st thou 'tis for nothing that he brings  
His wife and daughter to the camp—even now,  
Amidst this warlike note of preparation ?  
That he withdraws from out the Emperor's hands  
The latest pledges for his faith, betokens  
A speedy outbreak of the insurrection.

QUESTENBERG.

Then woe to us !—How shall we face the storm,  
That, darkening from all sides, comes driving in ?  
The foe already on the frontiers—masters  
Of our own Danube, spreading on and on—  
Within, the tocsin of rebellion pealing—



The peasantry in arms—all ranks infected—  
The army, too, to which we look'd for aid,  
Seduced—grown savage—wean'd from all control—  
Dissever'd from the State and from the Emperor;  
The giddy million by the giddier led—  
A fearful instrument, that blindly acts  
Devoted to its desperate leader's will.

OCTAVIO.

Yet let us not despair too soon, my friend—  
The word is ever bolder than the deed;  
And many a one, that in his blinded zeal  
Seems now prepared for all extremities,  
Will find a warning heart within his breast,  
Give but the crime its true unvarnish'd name—  
Meantime we are not wholly unprotected.  
Counts Altringer and Gallas, as ye know,  
Hold in their duty still their little host,  
And reinforce it daily. To surprise us  
Is hopeless; for on every side, thou knowest,  
I have surrounded him with listeners—

Even of his slightest step am I inform'd  
At once—nay, his own mouth reveals it to me.

QUESTENBERG.

'Tis inconceivable, he fails to see  
The enemy beside him!

OCTAVIO.

Think not, sir,  
That I, by lying, or dissembling arts,  
Have stolen into his favour, or sustain  
By hypocritic words his confidence.  
If prudence, and the duty which I owe  
The Empire and the Emperor, require me  
To hide from him my heart's true sentiments,  
I never yet have feign'd a false one to him.

QUESTENBERG.

It is the visible agency of Heaven.

OCTAVIO.

I know not what it is that draws and fetters  
The Duke so firmly to my son and me.  
True, we were ever friends, brothers in arms—  
Custom, companionship of war and toil,

United us yet early. Yet, methinks,  
I know the day when all at once his heart  
Was open'd to me—his regard increased.  
It was the morn before the field of Lützen ;  
A frightful dream drove me to seek him out,  
And offer him another battle-steed.  
Far from the tents away, beneath a tree  
I found him wrapp'd in slumber. When I woke him,  
And told him of my doubts and of my dream,  
He look'd upon me long with wonder, then  
Fell on my neck, and show'd a feeling, deeper  
Than aught the slender service merited ;  
And since that day, his confidence pursues me  
More closely, even as mine from him withdraws.

QUESTENBERG.

Doubtless thy son knows of thy secret ?

OCTAVIO.

No.

QUESTENBERG.

How ! mean'st thou not to warn him of his danger ?

OCTAVIO.

No: I must trust him to his innocence—  
Disguise is foreign to his open heart;  
And nought so well as ignorance can guard  
Against the Duke his purity of soul.

QUESTENBERG.

My worthy friend, I have the best opinion  
Of Colonel Piccolomini; but yet——

OCTAVIO.

Yet I must make the trial. Peace—he comes.

## SCENE IV.

MAX PICCOLOMINI. OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

QUESTENBERG.

MAX.

See, he is there himself—O welcome, father.

[*He embraces him—turning round, sees QUESTENBERG, and steps back coldly.*

Busied, I see—I will not interrupt you.

OCTAVIO.

How, Max? look better at this guest. Methinks  
Some kindness, sir, is due to an old friend—  
Some reverence to the Emperor's messenger.

MAX (*drily and coldly*).

Welcome, Von Questenberg, if aught of good  
Brings thee to our head-quarters.

QUESTENBERG (*takes him by the hand*).

Nay, draw not

Thy hand away, Count Piccolomini;  
Not on mine own account alone I grasp it,  
And nought of common import will I say.

[*Takes both their hands.*]

Octavio—Max Piccolomini,  
Propitious names, of solemn augury,  
Never can Austria's fortune change or fade,  
So long as two benignant stars like these  
Shine, like protecting spirits, o'er her armies.

MAX.

Thou dost mistake thy part, Sir Minister,  
'Twas not to flatter thou wert sent—to blame

And censure was the purpose of thine errand  
Let me be no exception from my fellows.

OCTAVIO (*to MAX*).

He comes from court, where all are not so well  
Contented with the Duke as we are here.

MAX.

And what new fault then have they found in him?—  
That he alone decides what he alone  
Can understand—Well, he is in the right ;  
And so it should, and so it will remain.  
A man like this was never made to turn  
And twine his spirit to another's will.  
It goes against his heart—he cannot do it ;  
No—he is gifted with a ruler's soul,  
And placed exalted in a ruler's station—  
And well for us it is so. Few there are  
✕ Can rule themselves, or use their wisdom wisely :  
And happy for mankind, when one is found  
Who stands a centre-point for many thousands—  
Who, like a massive pillar, plants himself,  
To which man clings with confidence and joy.

✕ "But few that use  
their intellects intelligently"  
Chadidge

Even such is Wallenstein. Perhaps another  
Might better suit the Court, but for the army  
None else is needed.

QUESTENBERG.

For the army—doubtless !

MAX.

'Tis wonderful to see how he awakes,  
And gives new life and strength to all around him.  
How every energy comes out ! Each gift  
Grows plainer to men's selves when he is nigh !  
From each he draws his own endowment forth—  
His own peculiar talent in perfection ;  
Leaving each man to be what Nature made him,  
And watching only that he be so ever  
In the right place. So knows he how to mould  
The powers of all men to his purposes.

QUESTENBERG.

And who denies him knowledge of mankind,  
And knowledge how to use them ? We complain  
That in the master he forgets the servant,  
As if he had been born to his command.

MAX.

And is he not ? With every gift for it  
He's born ; and with the gift, too, to fulfil  
The purposes of Nature, and to gain  
A ruler's station for a ruler's talent.

QUESTENBERG.

So then it lies with him alone to fix  
The worth at which the rest of men are rated ?

MAX.

Uncommon men require no common trust ;  
Give him but room and he will set the bound.

QUESTENBERG.

The trial shows it.—

MAX.

Ay ! 'tis ever so.

Ye start at everything of depth, and think  
That ye are never safe but in the shallows.

OCTAVIO (*to QUESTENBERG*).

Better to yield with a good grace, my friend ;  
With him these arguments are unavailing.



MAX.

Ye call a spirit in the hour of need ;  
And when it rises, then ye shake and shudder !  
With you th' uncommon and sublime must be  
Done calmly, as a thing of course. But in  
The field all is rapidity. The personal  
Must influence—man's own eye behold. The leader  
With every boon of Nature must be gifted,  
Then let him live in their free exercise—  
The oracle within—the living spirit—  
Not musty books, and old forgotten forms—  
Not mould'ring parchments—must he call to council.

OCTAVIO.

My son ! despise not these old narrow forms.  
Precious invaluable weights are they,  
With which oppress'd mankind have overhung  
The tyrannizing will of their oppressors :  
For arbitrary power was ever terrible.  
The way of order, though it lead through windings,  
Is still the best. Right forward goes the lightning—  
Straight cleaves the cannon-ball its murd'rous way—

Quick by the nearest course it gains its goal,  
Destructive in its path and in its purpose.  
My son ! the peaceful track which men frequent,  
The path where blessings most are scatter'd, follows  
The river's course, the valley's gentle bendings,  
Encompasses the corn-field and the vineyard ;  
Revering property's appointed bounds,  
And leading slow, but surely, to the mark.

QUESTENBERG.

O, listen to thy father !—Unto him,  
Who is at once a hero and a man !

OCTAVIO.

It is the child of the camp that speaks in thee,  
My son ; a war of fifteen years hath nursed thee :  
Peace thou hast never seen. There is a worth,  
My son, beyond the worth of warrior ;  
In war itself, the object is not war.  
The great, the rapid deeds of human power—  
The glory and the wonder of the moment—  
It is not these, alas ! that minister  
Lasting repose or happiness to man.

Sudden the wandering soldier comes, and builds  
Of canvass his light town, and soon is heard  
The busy hum and movement of the crowd ;  
The market throngs, the roads and rivers near  
Are cover'd with their freight, and trade is busy.  
But, lo, some morrow dawns, and all is gone ;  
The tents are struck—the troop hath march'd away—  
Dead as a churchyard is the land around ;  
All desolate the trampled seedfield lies,  
And wasted is the harvest of the year.

MAX.

O, father, that the Emperor would make peace !  
This blood-stain'd laurel would I change with joy  
For the first violet of early Spring,  
The fragrant pledge of the reviving year.

OCTAVIO.

How's this ? What is't so suddenly affects thee ?

MAX.

Peace I have never look'd upon, say'st thou ?  
Yes, I *have* look'd upon it, father—*now*,  
Even now, I come from thence. My journey led me

Through lands unvisited by war. O life,  
 My father, life has charms ~~we~~ know not of—  
 We have but cruised along its barren coasts,  
 Like some wild, wandering horde of lawless pirates,  
 That in their narrow, noisome vessel, pent  
 ✕ On the rude ocean, with rude manners dwell;  
 Nought of the mainland knowing, but the bays,  
 Where they may risk their predatory landing.  
 The treasures that within its peaceful vales  
 The inner land conceals—of these—of these—  
 Nought in our stormy circuit have we seen.

OCTAVIO (*becoming attentive*).

And has this journey shown thee aught of these?

MAX.

'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,  
 What is the end and object of the toil,  
 The grinding toil, that wore my youth away,  
 And left my heart uncheer'd and desolate,  
 My spirit in its native barrenness?  
 The tumult and the clamour of the camp,  
 The neigh of steeds, the brazen trumpet's braying:

*"House on the wild sea with wild  
 passages"  
 Coleridge*

The dull monotonous routine of duty—  
Parade—command, give nothing to the heart,  
The longing heart, that gasps for nourishment.  
There is no soul in this unmeaning round,  
And life hath other hopes and other joys.

OCTAVIO.

Much thou hast learnt, my son, on this short journey.

MAX.

O blessed day ! when, at the last, the soldier  
Turns back to life, and is again a man ;  
For the blithe route the banners are unfurl'd,  
And homeward beats the melting march of peace ;  
When every cap and helmet is bedeck'd  
With boughs, the latest plunder of the fields ;  
The city's gates fly open of themselves—  
They need no longer the petard to burst them :  
The walls are circled with rejoicing thousands,  
With peaceful people greeting i' the air :  
Clear sounds from every tower the bell that peals  
The jocund vespers of the days of blood :  
From towns and villages comes streaming forth

A shouting throng, with loving eagerness  
And importunity their march impeding.  
There, happy that he lives to see that day,  
The old man shakes his son's returning hand.  
A stranger he comes back unto his own,  
His long-forsaken home. With spreading boughs  
The tree o'ershadows the long absent man,  
Which oft the boy had bent ere he departed ;  
And, bashful-blushing, comes a maid to meet him,  
Whom at the nurse's breast a child he left.  
O happy he, for whom a door like this,  
Soft arms like these, shall open to enfold him !—

QUESTENBERG (*affected*).

Alas ! that thou should'st speak of distant times,  
Not of to-morrow, or to-day !

MAX (*turning to him with heat*).

And who—

Who is to blame for all, but you at court ?  
I will be plain with you, Von Questenberg :  
When I observed thee here, I felt at once  
A pang of spleen and bitterness shoot through me.

'Tis you, and you alone, that hinder peace—  
The warrior 'tis that must by force compel it ;  
And yet ye make the Prince's life a burden,  
Obstruct his measures, blacken every motive—  
And why?—Because the good of Europe lies  
Nearer his heart, than whether certain acres  
Of land are lost or gain'd to Austria !—  
Ye make him out a rebel—God knows what—  
Even worse—because, forsooth, he spares the Saxons,  
And labours to revive their confidence,  
Which is, in truth, the only path to peace.  
For how, if during war, war intermit not,  
Is peace to come?—Go to, go to—I tell thee,  
As I do love the good, so hate I you.—  
And here I vow to God, to shed for him—  
This Wallenstein—my heart's blood drop by drop,  
Ere I will see you triumph in his fall.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG. OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

QUESTENBERG.

O ! woe for us !—and stands the evil so ?

[ *Pressingly and impatiently.*

And shall we suffer him to go from hence  
In this delirium ?—shall we not recall him,  
My friend, and strive upon the spot to open  
His eyes to this ?

OCTAVIO (*recovering himself from deep reflection*).

Mine he hath open'd now ;  
And more I see in this than pleases me.

QUESTENBERG.

What is it, friend ?

OCTAVIO.

Accursed be this journey !



QUESTENBERG.

How so?—for what?

OCTAVIO.

Come with me; I must track

Upon the instant this unhappy trace.

With mine own eyes I must behold it—Come.

QUESTENBERG.

But whither?—and for what?

OCTAVIO (*agitated*).

To Her—

QUESTENBERG.

To—whom?

OCTAVIO (*correcting himself*).

Unto the Duke.—Ah me! I fear the worst;

I see the net that hath been cast around him;

I see he comes not back—the man he went.

QUESTENBERG.

Explain to me.

OCTAVIO.

O! wherefore did I not

Foresee it all?—Why not prevent this journey?—

Why did I hide it from him?—Thou wert right,  
I should have warn'd him.—Now it is too late.

QUESTENBERG.

What is too late?—Bethink thee, friend, thou speak'st  
In unintelligible riddles to me.

OCTAVIO (*more calmly*).

We'll to the Duke.—Come, sir—the hour draws nigh  
Which he appointed for the audience—Come!—  
Accursed, thrice accursed be this journey!

[*He leads him away—the curtain falls.*]

END OF ACT FIRST.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*A Hall in the Residence of the Duke of FRIEDLAND.*

SERVANTS *placing Chairs and spreading Carpets.*

*Afterwards SENI, the Astrologer, drest like an Italian Doctor, in black, and somewhat fantastically—he steps into the middle of the Saloon, a white Staff in his Hand, with which he marks out the Quarters of the Heavens.*

SERVANT (*burning perfumes*).

Make haste and bring it to an end—The guard  
Calls to turn out. They will be here anon.

SECOND SERVANT.

Why was the other room with the balcony,  
The red one, changed, which is far better lighted?

## FIRST SERVANT.

That you must ask th' Astrologer. He says  
'Tis an unlucky chamber.

## SECOND SERVANT.

Stuff and nonsense :  
Why, 'tis but teasing folks. Saloon's saloon—  
What matters it what place is chosen for it?

SENI (*with solemnity*).

Nothing on earth, my son, is unimportant.  
The first, however, and most principal  
With every earthly thing, is place and time.

## THIRD SERVANT.

Don't stand disputing with him there, Nathaniel,  
The Duke himself must let him have his way.

SENI (*counts the chairs*).

Eleven—an evil number ! place twelve chairs.  
Twelve signs are in the zodiac—five and seven,  
The holy numbers, are in twelve contain'd.

## SECOND SERVANT.

What's the objection to eleven ?—Come, tell us.

SENI.

Eleven is the number of the sins.

Eleven goes beyond the ten commandments.

SECOND SERVANT.

So, so—Why call you five a holy number?

SENI.

Five is the soul of man. As man of good

And evil parts is mingled, so the five

Is the first number form'd from odd and even.

FIRST SERVANT.

The fool!

THIRD SERVANT.

Poh, let him talk—I like to hear him,

His words are fill'd with more than meets the ear.

SECOND SERVANT.

Away, they come—away by the side-door.

[*They hurry out—SENI follows slowly.*]

## SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN. *The DUCHESS.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, Duchess, thou hast travell'd by Vienna,  
And wert presented to the Queen of Hungary?

DUCHESS.

And to the Empress too. I was admitted  
To kiss the hands of both their Majesties.

WALLENSTEIN.

How was it taken, that I call'd my wife  
And daughter thus, in winter, to the camp?

DUCHESS.

I follow'd thine instructions, and gave out,  
That thou hadst chosen a marriage for our child,  
And to her promised spouse would introduce  
His bride before the op'ning of the war.

WALLENSTEIN.

Did they conjecture who my choice had been?

DUCHESS.

They seem'd but anxious that it should not fall  
On any foreigner, or Lutheran noble.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is thy wish, Elizabeth?

DUCHESS.

Thy will,  
Thou know'st, was ever mine.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause*).

Well then—and how,  
In other points, wert thou received at court?

[*The DUCHESS, casts down her eyes, and is  
silent.*]

Conceal it not from me—how went the matter?

DUCHESS.

Alas! my husband, all is not at court  
As it hath been—a change hath taken place.

WALLENSTEIN.

How? were they wanting in their old respect?

## DUCHESS.

Not in respect ; for dignified and worthy  
Was the reception ; but, methought, instead  
Of former kind, confiding condescension,  
All now was cold and solemn ceremony.  
Alas ! the very kindness which was shown me  
Had more the air of pity than of favour.  
Not so the princely spouse of Wallenstein,  
Duke Albert's wife, Count Harrach's noble daughter—  
Not in that manner should *she* be received.

## WALLENSTEIN.

Doubtless, they blamed my late adopted conduct.

## DUCHESS.

O, would they had !—I have been long accusom'd  
To be thine advocate with them—to speak  
Contentment to their irritated minds.  
No—no one blamed thee. Everything was wrapp'd  
In an oppressive, solemn, silent gloom.  
Ah, no ! this is no common misconception ;  
No light and passing mood of peevishness ;  
Some ominous, irreparable ill



Hath happen'd now. The Queen of Hungary  
Was wont of old to call me her dear aunt,  
And to embrace me kindly at departing.

WALLENSTEIN.

But now omitted it?

DUCHESS (*drying her tears—after a pause*).

No—she embraced me ;

But not till I had taken leave, and was  
Already at the door. Then came she to me,  
Swiftly, as if she first remember'd it,  
And press'd me to her bosom, more with painful  
Than tender agitation.

WALLENSTEIN (*taking her hand*).

Calm thyself.—

How wast with Eggenberg, with Lichtenstein,  
And with our other friends ?

DUCHESS (*shaking her head*).

No one I saw.

WALLENSTEIN.

How ! nor the Spanish Count Ambassador,  
That still was wont to plead so warmly for me ?

DUCHESS.

His voice is raised no longer in thy cause.

WALLENSTEIN.

So then, *these* suns will shine on us no more :  
Henceforth the fire within must be our light.

DUCHESS.

O, were it so, dear husband—were it so,  
As at the Court is whisper'd—through the land  
Proclaim'd aloud—what Father Lamormain,  
By signs and hints——

WALLENSTEIN.

How ! Lamormain ! What says he ?

DUCHESS.

Thou art accused of daringly exceeding  
The powers intrusted to thy hand—of scornful  
Resistance to the Emperor's high commands.  
The Spaniard and Bavaria's haughty Duke  
Stand up as thine accusers ; and a storm  
Is gathering round thee darker even than that  
That once before at Ratisbon o'erthrew thee.  
They speak, he says, of—Oh ! I cannot tell thee.

WALLENSTEIN (*with agitation*).

Go on—

DUCHESS.

—A second—(*stops short.*)

WALLENSTEIN.

Second—

DUCHESS.

More degrading

Removal.

WALLENSTEIN.

Speak they so ?

[ *Walking through the chamber with agitation.*

O, they compel me ;

They drive me on, by force, against my will !

DUCHESS (*clasping hold of him entreatingly*).

O, if it be not yet too late, dear husband—

If by submission, by compliance only,

The ill may be averted, O give way !

Win thy proud heart for once to yield, and think

It is thy Lord and Emperor thou dost bend to.

O give not to the treach'rous tongue of malice

The power to blacken thus thy good intent,  
By foul envenom'd misinterpretation !  
Stand up with the victorious voice of truth,  
And shame the liar and the slanderer.  
Our faithful friends already are but few ;  
Thou know'st the rapid rising of our fortunes  
Hath mark'd us for man's envy.— What were we,  
If we should lose the Emperor's favour too !

## SCENE III.

*The same.* COUNTESS TERZKY *leading the*  
PRINCESS THEKLA.

## COUNTESS.

How, sister, deep in business on the instant—  
And it would seem not the most pleasant neither—  
Ere he hath felt this lovely child's embrace ?  
Sure the first moment should belong to joy.—  
Here, Father Friedland, look upon thy daughter !

[THEKLA *approaches timidly, and is about to bow upon his hand ; he embraces her, and remains for some time lost in admiration of her.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes ! fairly has my flower of hope expanded :  
I take her as the pledge of future joys !

DUCHESS.

A tender child she was, when thou went'st forth  
To raise that mighty army for the Emperor ;  
And ere thou hadst return'd from the campaign,  
In Pomerania, she was at the convent,  
Where even till now she hath remain'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

Meantime,

While in the field we toil'd to make her great,  
To place her on earth's proudest pinnacle,  
Within the peaceful convent Mother Nature  
Hath done her duty—graced the blooming child  
Spontaneous with divinest loveliness,  
And leads her bright in all her beauty forth,  
To meet my hopes and grace her glittering fortune.

DUCHESS (*to the PRINCESS*).

Thou would'st not, I suppose, have known thy father  
Again, my child ; for thou hadst scarcely number'd  
Eight years when last thou saw'st his countenance ?

THEKLA.

Yes, mother, at first sight ; my father seems  
Scarce alter'd. As his picture lived in me,  
So stands he blooming now before my eyes.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the DUCHESS*).

The lovely child ! How well observed, and how  
Intelligent ! I murmur'd at my fate  
That had denied to me a son, to be  
Heir of my name and of my fortunes, destin'd  
Through a proud line of princes to prolong  
The swift-expiring being of its founder.  
I was unjust to Fate. Upon this head,  
Blooming in maiden modesty, will I  
The laurel of the warrior's life lay down.  
Not lost shall I esteem it, could I once  
Convert it to a royal ornament,  
And bind the garland round this lovely brow.

[*He holds her in his arms, while PICCOLOMINI enters.*

SCENE IV.

*The same.* MAX PICCOLOMINI, and soon after  
COUNT TERZKY.

COUNTESS.

Here comes the Paladin, our late protector !

WALLENSTEIN.

Max, thou art welcome. Thou hast ever been  
To me the messenger of hope and joy ;  
And like the star, the herald of the dawn,  
Didst lead the rising sun of life to view.

MAX.

My General !—

WALLENSTEIN.

Till now, it was the Emperor  
That through my hand rewarded thee. To-day

Thou hast bound the happy father in thy debt,  
And Friedland must himself repay the favour.

MAX.

My Prince ! thou wert indeed in haste to pay me.  
I come, ashamed and grieved, to think that scarce  
Had I arrived, and yielded up my charge,  
The mother and the daughter, to thine arms,  
When from thy stable, richly ornamented,  
A costly hunting equipage was brought me,  
As if to pay me off for all my toil—  
Yes—yes, to pay me off at once. I found  
It was a charge, an office—not a favour,  
As I had rashly deem'd—and with full heart  
Came here to thank thee.—No, it was not meant  
That my employ should be my greatest happiness.

[TERZKY enters, and delivers letters to the DUKE,  
*which he breaks open hastily.*

COUNTESS (to MAX).

Not for thy toil does he repay thee thus,  
But for the joy thou bring'st. It suits with thee,



To think with all this nicety ; but my brother  
Must, like himself, be generous and princely.

THEKLA.

I too might else have cause to doubt his love ;  
For his kind hand had loaded me with gifts,  
Even ere the father's heart had spoke its fondness.

MAX.

Yes, he must ever give and render happy !—

[ *He seizes the DUCHESS's hand with increasing  
warmth.*

What have I not to thank him for ?—What is there  
That centres not in this dear name of Friedland ?  
Through life I still shall be the prisoner  
Of this beloved name. Therein shall bloom  
My every hope in life, my every blessing ;  
And, fix'd as in a magic circle, Fate  
Shall hold me fetter'd by that charming spell.

COUNTESS

(*who has been attentively regarding the DUKE, perceives  
that he remains musing after reading the letters*).

The Prince would be alone.—Come, let us go.

WALLENSTEIN (*turns quickly round, composes himself,  
and speaks cheerfully to the DUCHESS*).

Once more, I bid thee welcome to the field.

Thou art the hostess of our court. Thou, Max,

Wilt once again resume thine ancient duty,

While we shall here obey our master's orders.

[MAX PICCOLOMINI *gives his arm to the  
DUCHESS—the COUNTESS leads out the  
PRINCESS.*

TERZKY (*calling after him*).

Forget not to be present at the meeting.

## SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN. TERZKY.

WALLENSTEIN (*in deep thought—to himself*).

She hath seen aright. It is so—and agrees

Exactly with the other information.

So then, it seems, their last resolve is taken,

And my successor chosen in Vienna.  
It is this King of Hungary—this Ferdinand,  
The Emperor's boyish son—that is their idol—  
Their newly rising sun ! With us they think  
All will be over soon, and, like the dead,  
Or dying, they provide us with an heir.  
There is no time to lose.

[*Turning round, observes TERZKY, and gives  
him a Letter.*

Count Altringer  
Sends to excuse himself, and Gallas too.  
I like it not.

TERZKY.

And if thou dost delay  
Much longer, one by one will all forsake thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

This Altringer holds the Tyrolian passes ;  
I must send some one to him, to prevent  
The Spaniard from Milan from entering in.  
Well, this Sesina, this old politician,

Hath lately shown himself abroad again.

What brings he from Count Thurn ?

TERZKY.

The Count acquaints thee,

That he hath sought the Swedish Chancellor

At Halberstadt, where the Convention's held ;

But he pretends, that he is weary of it,

And will have nothing more to do with thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

Why so ?

TERZKY.

For that thou never wert in earnest,

And hast but labour'd to deceive the Swede,

To join thyself against them with the Saxon,

And with some paltry bribe to pay them off

At last.

WALLENSTEIN.

So ! thinks he I will give him up

A fertile German district for his plunder,

That we ourselves, on our own soil and country,

No more should be the masters? They must forth—  
Forth—forth—we want no neighbours such as these.

TERZKY.

Why, let them have that spot of land—it makes  
No part of thine. What matters it to thee,  
So thou but win'st the game, who pays the forfeit?

WALLENSTEIN.

Away with them! thou understand'st not this.  
It never shall be said that I dismember'd  
My country, or betray'd it to the stranger,  
That I might safely filch away my portion.  
*Me* shall the Empire honour as its guardian:  
I'll prove myself the Empire's prince, and worthy  
To seat myself beside the Empire's princes.  
Not with *my* will shall ever foreign power  
Take root within the Empire; least of all  
Shall these barbarian Goths, these hungry wolves,  
Who with their greedy-glaring, ravening eyes,  
Scowl on the blessings of our German soil.  
No; they shall be the tools to clear my way,  
But not to reap when I have found my harvest.

TERZKY.

And with the Saxons dost thou mean to deal  
More honourably, then ? They lose all patience,  
Because thou tak'st such strange and crooked paths.  
What means all this concealment ? Speak ; thy friends  
Are doubtful—know not what to make of thee.  
This Oxenstiern—this Arnheim, neither knows  
What he should think of thy delay ; and *I*  
Must be the *liar*, too—all goes through me !  
I have not once thy signature to show.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou know'st I give no writing from my hand.

TERZKY.

Say, then, how shall they know thou art in earnest,  
Unless the deed shall follow on the word ?  
As yet thy dealings with the enemy  
Might all as well have happen'd, though thy purpose  
Had only been to make a tool of him.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause, eyeing him sharply*).

And how know'st thou, sir, that I do *not* mean  
To make a tool of him ? that I do not

Make tools of all of ye? How dost *thou* know me  
So well? I knew not that I had e'er disclosed  
My mind to *thee*. The Emperor, it is true,  
Hath used me ill; and if I had the wish,  
I have the power to pay him ill for ill.  
I own I do rejoice to feel my might;  
But whether I shall use it—*that*, methinks,  
Thou know'st as little as another.

TERZKY.

Ay!

So thou hast ever made thy game of us.

## SCENE VI.

*The same.* ILLO.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well—how is all without? Are they prepared?

ILLO.

Thou find'st them in the mood which thou would'st  
wish;

Already they have heard of the Emperor's orders,  
And murmur loudly.

WALLENSTEIN.

What says Isolani?

ILLO.

O! he is thine with soul and body, since  
Thou hast of late set up his Faro-Bank.

WALLENSTEIN.

How does Colalto take it? Hast made sure  
Of Deodati and of Tiefenbach?

ILLO.

What Piccolomini shall do—they do.

WALLENSTEIN.

So—think'st thou then that I may venture with them?

ILLO.

Ay, if thou art secure of the Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

As of myself: *they* never will forsake me.

TERZKY.

And yet I wish thou would'st not trust so much  
To that old fox Octavio.



WALLENSTEIN.

Would'st thou teach me  
To know my men?—Sixteen campaigns have I  
Pass'd with the old man in the battle-field ;—  
Besides—I have set his horoscope—I know  
That we are born beneath the same bright planet—  
In short——(*Mysteriously.*)

—No more of this—I have my reasons.  
If thou canst answer only for the rest.—

ILLO.

One voice alone is heard among them all ;  
Thou never shalt abandon the command ;  
They mean to send a deputation to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

If they will have me bind myself to them,  
Then must they bind themselves to me.

ILLO.

That's clear.

WALLENSTEIN.

And they must pledge their word—on oath—in writing,  
To serve me to the last—without conditions.

ILLO.

Why not ?

TERZKY.

Without conditions ! Nay, I fear  
They must except their duty to the Emperor,  
And to the Empire.

WALLENSTEIN (*shaking his head*).

Unconditional

It must be—I will have no reservation !

ILLO.

A thought has struck me. Does not Terzky give  
A banquet to us all this evening ?

TERZKY.

Ay !

And all the Generals are invited.

ILLO.

Say,

Wilt thou then freely let me take my way,  
If I but bring the Generals' written word,  
As thou desirest ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Bring me but their bond ;  
How thou procur'st it, is thine own affair.

ILLO.

And if I bring thee this in black and white,  
That all the Chiefs, who now are present here,  
Blindly devote themselves to thee, wilt *thou*  
At last resolve, and boldly try thy fortune ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Bring me their signatures !

ILLO.

Think what thou dost.

Thou canst not execute the Emperor's orders—  
Canst not reduce thy army—nor dispatch  
These regiments to the Spaniards' aid, unless  
Thou would'st at once resign thy power for ever :  
Think, on the other hand, thou canst not scorn  
The Emperor's high commands and solemn orders—  
No longer by evasion temporise—  
Without an open rupture with the Court.  
Determine then—wilt thou by bold decision

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Anticipate them ; or, delaying, still  
Await the extremity ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Why, that were seemly  
Until the extremity's resolved upon.

ILLO.

O, seize the hour before it flies for ever !  
For seldom comes the moment in man's life  
That is indeed important and decisive.  
Ere great events can be accomplish'd, much  
Must meet and happily combine together ;—  
But single only, and disjoin'd, are found  
The threads of Fortune—the occurrences,  
Which into one brief moment must be crowded  
Before the rare and costly fruit will ripen.  
See ! how decisive—how eventful now  
Is all around thee ;—how the army's Chiefs,  
The best and bravest, gather to thy side,  
Their princely leader, waiting but thy nod !  
O let them not again disperse in vain !  
Through the whole war thou wilt not find among them

Such unanimity again as now.

'Tis the spring-tide with which the heavy ship  
Is floated from the strand ; and each man feels  
His courage rise i' the current of the many.  
Now they are *thine—still* thine—but soon the war  
May scatter them asunder here and there ;  
In private cares and petty interests  
The common soul evaporate. He who,  
Forced by the flood, forgets himself to-day,  
Soon sobers when he sees himself alone ;  
Feels but his insignificance, and soon  
Betakes him to the old broad-beaten track  
Of common duties, and beneath the roof  
Of Prudence seeks for safety and for shelter.

WALLENSTEIN.

The time is not yet come.

TERZKY.

So say'st thou always.

When *will* it come then ?

WALLENSTEIN.

When *I* say—'TIS TIME.

## TERZKY.

Ay! thou wilt linger for the starry hour,  
Until the hour on earth is past. Believe me,  
In thine own breast thy fortune's stars are set.  
Self-confidence and steadiness of will,  
These are thy Venus—thy MALEFICUS  
(The only one that injures thee) is DOUBT.

## WALLENSTEIN.

Thou speak'st as thou dost understand. How often  
Must I explain it to thee? At thy birth  
The bright celestial Jupiter declined—  
These starry mysteries are not for thee.  
Thou wert but born to grope on earth in darkness,  
Blind as the Subterrene, that with his pale  
And leaden glimmer lighted thee to life.  
The earthly and the common thou canst see—  
The nearest with the nearest canst combine;  
And there I trust thee—there I take thy counsel.  
But what of mystic and remoter meaning  
Is framed and woven within the deeps of nature,—  
The spiritual ladder, that from out this world

Of Dust, unto the starry maze arises  
With thousand steps, by which the powers of Heaven  
For ever are ascending and descending ;—  
Those circles within circles, still contracting  
Closer and closer round the central sun ;—  
*These* are but visible to eyes unseal'd—  
The sons of light—bright Jove's more favour'd children !

*[After walking backward and forward through  
the hall, he stops and proceeds.*

The heavenly planets do not merely make  
The night and day, the spring and summer's changes,  
Or point out to the peasant the return  
Of seed-time and of harvest : No ; the actions  
Of men, too, are the seeds of issues, sown  
In the dark region of futurity,  
In hope committed to the powers of Fate.  
Then needful 'tis for man to know his seed-time,  
To read aright the starry hour, and search  
With patient survey through the heav'nly houses,

Lest the dark foe of growth and of increase  
Lurk baneful-brooding in their dim recesses.

Then give me time. Meantime perform *your* part.  
As yet I cannot say what *I* may do ;  
But yield I will not, that is fix'd—not I ;  
Nor shall I be deposed—on that, at least,  
Ye may rely.

SERVANT (*enters*).

The Generals.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let them come.

TERZKY.

Wilt thou that all the chiefs be present ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Nay—

'Tis needless. Both the Piccolomini,  
Maradas, Buttler, Forgatsh, Deodati,  
Caraffa, Isolani—these may come.

[TERZKY *goes out with the Servant.*

Hast thou ta'en care that Questenberg was watch'd,



And had no means to speak to them in secret?

ILLO.

I had him sharply watch'd—he spoke with none  
But with Octavio.

•

### SCENE VII.

*The same. QUESTENBERG. Both the PICCOLOMINI, BUTTLER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, and three other Generals, enter. On a sign from WALLENSTEIN, QUESTENBERG places himself exactly opposite to him, the others follow according to their rank. A momentary silence ensues.*

WALLENSTEIN.

I have heard the purpose of your mission hither,  
Von Questenberg—have weigh'd it well—and now  
My firm resolve is fix'd, and cannot alter ;  
Yet is it fit that my Commanders here,  
From your own mouth, should learn the Emperor's will.

So please you, then, before these noble Chiefs  
The duties of your office to perform.

QUESTENBERG.

I am prepared ; but pray thee to remember,  
'Tis the Imperial power and dignity  
That speaks in me, and not mine own presumption.

WALLENSTEIN.

Spare us the prologue.

QUESTENBERG.

When his Majesty,  
The Emperor, to his brave troops presented  
A high renown'd, experienced leader, in  
The honour'd person of the Duke of Friedland,  
'Twas done in full assurance that the fortune  
Of war would soon and favourably change—  
And the commencement justified his hopes ;  
Bohemia soon was clear'd of Saxon foes,  
The Swede's victorious progress stopt—these lands  
With lighter breast began to breathe again,  
When Friedland from all quarters hither drew  
The scatter'd armies of the enemy,

As to a centre point, at once collecting  
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstiern,  
And even the never conquer'd King himself,  
With the intent, in sight of Nuremberg,  
The great and bloody conflict to decide.

WALLENSTEIN.

To the point, if it so please you.

QUESTENBERG.

A new spirit

Announced immediately the new commander.  
'Twas not blind rage that fought with blinder rage,  
But in the enlighten'd field of skill was shown  
How constancy can triumph over boldness,  
And art and science weary courage out.  
In vain they lure him to the field—he draws  
His trenches deep and deeper still around him,  
As if to build an everlasting bulwark.  
Desperate, at last the King resolves to storm,  
And leads those legions to a speedier slaughter,  
Who, in his camp by plague and famine haunted,  
Were daily dropping by a lingering death.

Through the strong lines behind whose barricade  
Death lurks within a thousand cannon mouths,  
Th' Invincible attempts to storm his way.  
Then came an onset and resistance, such  
As mortal eye had ne'er beheld before.  
Routed at last, the King leads back his troops  
From the stern field, and not a foot of ground  
Is gain'd by all this fearful sacrifice !

WALLENSTEIN.

Pray, spare us these descriptions from the news  
Of horrors, we ourselves have seen and suffer'd.

QUESTENBERG.

To censure is my office and mine errand ;  
But my heart lingers, while it may, to praise.  
At Nuremberg did Sweden's mighty monarch  
Lose his renown—in Lutzen's field his life.  
But what was our astonishment, when Friedland,  
After this brilliant day, as if defeated,  
Fled to Bohemia, vanish'd from the scene  
Of victory, while the young hero, Weimar,  
Pierced unobstructed through Franconia,

Even the Danube forced his stormy way,  
And, to the dread of all good Catholics,  
Invested all at once our Ratisbon !  
'Twas then Bavaria's well-deserving prince  
Pray'd for swift aid, in this his hour of need.  
Seven different couriers did the Emperor  
Send to the Duke of Friedland, still entreating—  
Entreating, where he had but to command,  
In vain. In that eventful hour, the Duke  
Heard but the dictates of his private hate,  
And sacrificed the common good to glut  
His vengeance on his ancient enemy.  
And so fell Ratisbon !

WALLENSTEIN.

What time is this  
He speaks of, Max ? I cannot recollect it.

MAX.

He means when we were in Silesia.

WALLENSTEIN.

So—

What was our object in Silesia, then ?

MAX.

To drive the Swedes and Saxons out of it.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay, right; it was so. In these long descriptions  
I do forget the war.

(*To QUESTENBERG.*)

Now then proceed.

QUESTENBERG.

Perhaps upon the Oder was regain'd  
What on the Danube shamefully was lost?  
Scenes of astonishment we hoped to see,  
On that new theatre of war enacted,  
Where Friedland moved in person to the field,  
And where the rival of Gustavus found  
A Thurn alone, or Arnheim, to oppose him.  
And near enough, in truth, they came; but 'twas  
As friends and guests alone, to feast each other.  
The Empire groan'd beneath the weight of war,  
But all was peace within the camp of Friedland!

WALLENSTEIN.

Oft is a bloody battle fought in vain,

Because the youthful leader needs a victory.  
'Tis the advantage of the tried commander,  
He need not fight these useless battles, merely  
To show the world he knows the way to conquer.  
What glory could I reap by thus availing  
Myself of my advantage over Arnheim ?  
Much, too, would Germany, by my forbearance,  
Have gain'd, had I succeeded in destroying  
That baleful league between the Swede and Saxon.

## QUESTENBERG.

But that did *not* succeed, and so began  
Anew the bloody conflict. Here at last  
The Prince did justify his old renown.  
On Steinau's plains then did the Swedish host  
Lay down its arms, subdued without a blow ;  
And there, among the rest, did Heaven deliver  
That old fomentor of disturbances,  
That execrable firebrand of the war,  
Matthias Thurn, to the avenger's hand.—  
But into generous hands it seem'd he fell ;

Unpunish'd, and with presents, did the Prince  
Release the Emperor's arch-enemy.

WALLENSTEIN (*laughs*).

I know—I know the good folks in Vienna  
Had let their windows and balconies out,  
To see him on the hurdle drawn to death.  
The battle I might shamefully have lost ;  
But this the Viennese could never pardon,  
That I had trick'd them of a spectacle.

QUESTENBERG.

Silesia then was clear ; and everything  
Now call'd the Duke to aid oppress'd Bavaria.  
At last he did set out, but leisurely ;  
And by the longest route he loiter'd through  
Bohemia,—then, before a foe was seen,  
Hurried to winter-quarters,—thus oppressing  
The Emperor's states with an Imperial army.

WALLENSTEIN.

Its plight was piteous.—Every comfort fail'd us—  
Want stared us in the face, and winter came.  
What thinks his Majesty that troops are made of ?



Are we not men?—and mortally exposed  
To cold and wet—to all the wants of men?  
O, wretched is the soldier's fate! Where'er  
He comes, men fly from him,—where'er he goes,  
Their curses follow him. All must he take  
By force, for nothing's given him; and thus driven  
To plunder all, he is of all detested.  
Here stand my Generals—Count Deodati!  
Caraffa! Buttler! speak—Tell him how long  
The soldier's pay hath been withheld from him:

BUTTLER.

More than a year already.

WALLENSTEIN.

And his pay  
The soldier *must* have—even his name denotes it.

QUESTENBERG.

This tone, methinks, is something changed from that  
The Duke of Friedland held nine years before.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis mine own fault, I know. 'Twas I myself  
That taught the Emperor this. Nine years ago,

During the Danish war, I raised an army  
Of forty or of fifty thousand for him,  
That from his own exchequer never cost him  
One doit. Through fertile Saxony, strode on  
The fiend of warfare, bearing to the shores  
Of the rude Belt the terrors of his name :—  
That was a time indeed. Throughout the empire  
What name so honour'd, so beloved as mine,  
When Albert Wallenstein for name was given  
To the third diamond in the Emperor's crown !  
But at the Prince's-day of Ratisbon,  
There it broke out. There it was clearly known  
Out of whose purse the reckoning had been paid.  
And how was I rewarded—I—the fond—  
The loyal slave—who on my head had drawn  
Men's curses down, and made the Princes pay  
A war, where *he* alone had risen to greatness—  
How ?—I was sacrificed to their complaints—  
I was disgraced—deposed—

QUESTENBERG.

Your grace well knows

How much the Emperor's liberty was fetter'd  
At that unhappy day.

WALLENSTEIN.

Death and the devil!

I had the means to gain him liberty—  
No, sir—since such is my reward for serving  
The Emperor at the Empire's cost, I've learn'd  
To think more highly of the Empire's claims.  
True, from the Emperor I hold this staff;  
But now I wield it as the *Empire's* leader  
For all men's welfare, for the general good,  
No more to swell the grasping power of *one*.—  
But to the point—What is't they ask of me?

QUESTENBERG.

First, then, his Majesty commands the army,  
Without delay, to quit Bohemia.

WALLENSTEIN.

At this rude season of the year? And whither  
Must we then turn us?

QUESTENBERG.

Whither? Where the foe is!

For 'tis the Emperor's resolve, that Ratisbon,  
Ere Easter, shall be clear'd of every foe ;  
That Lutheran heresies no more be preach'd  
In its Cathedral ; nor unholy rites  
Pollute that pure and solemn festival.

WALLENSTEIN.

Can this be done, my Generals ?

ILLO.

'Tis impossible.

BUTTLER.

It cannot be.

QUESTENBERG.

The Emperor too hath order'd  
Suys to advance into Bavaria.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what did Suys ?

QUESTENBERG.

What he should have done ;

He *did* advance.

WALLENSTEIN.

He *did* advance ! and I,

His chief, gave him commands most positive  
Not to stir from the spot?—So!—stands it thus  
With my command? Is this the obedience  
Which is my due? Without which warlike rule  
Is useless?—Generals! Ye shall be the judges.  
What does that officer deserve, who thus  
Forgets his oath, and disobeys his orders?

ILLO.

Death!

WALLENSTEIN (*raising his voice, as the others remain  
silent and hesitating*).

What doth he deserve, Count Piccolomini?

MAX (*after a long pause*).

Death, by the letter of the law.

ISOLANI.

Ay, death!

BUTTLER.

Death, by the laws of war!

[QUESTENBERG *rises*—WALLENSTEIN *follows*.

*All get up.*

WALLENSTEIN.

It is the law  
Condemns him, and not I; and if I pardon him,  
'Tis but from deference to mine Emperor.

QUESTENBERG.

If it be so, I have no more to say.

WALLENSTEIN.

Only on terms did I accept this post,  
And foremost of them all was this, that none  
Of woman born, not even the Emperor's self,  
Should with my troops have aught to say or do.  
If for th' event I answer with my honour  
And with my life, I must myself control  
And guide it too. What made the Great Gustavus  
Resistless and invincible on earth,  
But this, that he was Sovereign o'er his army?  
For he that is a King, and truly so,  
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.  
But to the point—The best is yet to come.

QUESTENBERG.

The Cardinal Infante will, in spring,

March from Milan, to lead a Spanish army  
Through Germany into the Netherlands ;  
And, that he may pursue his march in safety,  
It is the Emperor's will, that from this army  
Eight regiments of horse be sent t' escort him.

WALLENSTEIN.

I see—I see—Eight regiments ! 'Tis well—  
'Tis shrewdly thought of, Father Lamormain !  
Were not the plan so cursedly adroit,  
One would be tempted to pronounce it foolish.  
Eight thousand horse ! Yes, yes—'tis very well—  
I see it coming.

QUESTENBERG.

Nothing is to come.

Prudence requires, necessity demands it.

WALLENSTEIN.

How, Sir Ambassador ? am I so blind  
As not to see that they are tired of me,  
And fain would see the sword in other hands ?  
That they but grasp at this pretence, and use  
The Spanish name to draft my troops away,

And lead a foreign force into the Empire,  
That owes me no obedience? As I am,  
They know they dare not cast me off—for *that*  
I am too powerful still. My compact was,  
That all the Emperor's armies should obey me,  
Far as our native German tongue is used :  
But of these Spanish legions and Infantes,  
That wander but as strangers through the Empire,  
Our bond says nothing : So ye try to steal  
In silence on me from behind, and make me  
First weak—then insignificant, that so  
Ye may at last make quick conveyance with me.  
Why all these crooked ways, Sir Minister?  
Out with it straight—The Emperor regrets  
His bargain with me. He would have me go—  
Sir, I will gratify his wishes. That  
I had resolved upon before you came.

*[A commotion ensues among the Officers, which  
always increases.]*

'Tis for mine officers that I regret it—  
I see not how they are to be repaid



Their large advances and their hard-earn'd pay.  
Now government brings forward newer men,  
And service earlier render'd soon grows old.  
Many are foreigners among this army ;  
For, were the man but stout and valiant only,  
I ask'd few questions of his pedigree,  
And cared but little for his catechism.  
Hereafter 'twill be otherwise arranged.  
Well—it concerns not me. [ *Sits himself.*

MAX.

Now, God forbid  
That it should ever come to this—The army  
Will rise at once in fury to oppose it.  
The Emperor is abused—it cannot be.

ISOLANI.

It cannot be, for all would go to ruin.

WALLENSTEIN.

That it will, faithful Isolani. To ruin  
Goes all that we with care and toil have rear'd.  
What then? Another leader will be found,

Another army muster'd, for the Emperor,  
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

MAX (*agitated, and moving actively up and down  
among the Generals, to appease them*).

Hear me, my Generals—listen to me, Chiefs—  
Let me entreat thee, Prince, resolve on nothing  
Till we have counsell'd with ourselves, and laid  
Before thee our decision.—Come, my friends,  
All is not yet, I hope, irreparable.

TERZKY.

Come; in the ante-room we'll meet the rest.

BUTTLE (to QUESTENBERG).

If thou wilt lend an ear to well-meant counsel,  
I would advise you not to stir abroad  
For some few hours. Perchance this golden key  
Might scarce suffice to save thee from mistreatment.

[*Loud murmurs without.*

WALLENSTEIN.

The counsel's good. Octavio, thou wilt look  
To our guest's safety.—Farewell, Questenberg.

[QUESTENBERG *attempts to speak.*

No more—no more of this detested subject ;  
You have but done your duty, sir, and I  
Can separate the man from his employment.

[ *While QUESTENBERG goes out with OCTAVIO,  
GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, and COLALTO force  
their way in, followed by other Commanders.*

GOETZ.

Where's he that would deprive us of our General ?

TIEFENBACH (*at the same time*).

What have we yet to hear ? and would'st thou leave us ?

COLALTO (*at the same time*).

We'll live or die with thee !

WALLENSTEIN (*pointing with dignity to ILLO*).

Here, the Field Marshal knows my resolution.

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT SECOND.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*A Chamber.*ILLO *and* TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Now—tell me! how wilt thou contrive thy scheme  
To-night at supper, with the Generals?

ILLO.

Mark me!—we will prepare an instrument,  
By which we bind us, one and all, by name,  
With life and limb, to serve the Duke, and shed  
Our latest drop of blood in his defence;  
But still with reservation of our oath  
Of duty to the Emperor. This, observe,

We shall except by clear express provision  
In a set clause, and thus we save their conscience.  
Now hear : The writing, so prepared, shall be  
Produced to them before the banquet — None  
Can hesitate to sign it.—Hear me on—  
When, after supper, wine's deceitful spirit  
Hath open'd every heart, and closed each eye,  
Another writing shall be circulated  
For signature, in which this clause is wanting.

## TERZKY.

How!—think'st thou they will ever hold themselves  
Bound by an oath, to which they have been juggled  
By sleight of hand and stratagem alone ?

## ILLO.

We have them in the toils—Why, let them rail  
Against the cheat as loudly as they will ;  
At Court their signatures will be believed  
Far sooner than their solemn protestations :  
Once set them fairly down as Traitors, then  
They'll make a virtue of necessity.

TERZKY.

Well, 'tis alike to me, so something's done,  
So that we move a little from the spot.

ILLO.

Besides, it matters not so much how far  
We manage to deceive the Generals—  
Enough, if we can but persuade the *Duke*  
That they are *his*—then he at last will venture  
To act in earnest, as if all were sure—  
And all *is* sure, for he will drag them with him.

TERZKY.

Full oft I know not what to make of him.  
He lends an ear unto the foe ; allows me  
To write to Thurn and Arnheim ;—to Sesina  
He speaks his mind, in words, with boldness out ;  
Talks to us of his plans for hours together ;  
And when I think I have him fast, away  
He slips at once, and seems as if he thought  
Of nothing more than to retain his office.

ILLO.

What ?—he give up his ancient plans ? I tell thee,

In sleeping or in waking, he can think  
Of nothing else ; that day by day on these  
He doth consult the planets.

TERZKY.

Dost thou know  
That in the Astrologic Tower to-night,  
He with the Doctor holds a secret watch ?  
For this they say will be a night of power,  
And something great, and long expected, will  
Take place in heaven.

ILLO.

O, would it might take place  
On earth ! The Generals are zealous now,  
And lightly may be led to anything,  
Rather than lose their General. Observe,  
At last we have a fair pretext before us,  
To form a close alliance 'gainst the Court ;  
Yet harmless in its title, bearing only  
That we will still maintain the Duke's command.  
But in the ardour of the chase, thou know'st,  
The goal from which we start is soon forgotten.

Let us contrive it only, that the Prince  
Shall either find them, or believe them ready  
For every hazard. Opportunity  
Will do the rest. Let the decisive step  
Be taken, which at court they cannot pardon,  
And the necessity of circumstances  
Will lead him on and on. 'Tis choice alone  
That makes him thus irresolute—necessity  
Brings back, at once, his strength and clear decision.

TERZKY.

And this is all the enemy now wait for  
To join their force to ours.

ILLO.

Come, then ; for we  
Must speed the work in these few coming days,  
Farther than *years* before have brought it ; and  
Let but this plan succeed with us on earth,  
Soon will the lucky stars shine out in heaven.  
Come to the Chiefs—the iron must be beat  
While it is hot.



TERZKY.

Do thou get to them, Illo,  
I must await the Countess Terzky here.  
Know that *we* are not idle—if one string  
Should break, there is another in reserve.

ILLO.

Yes, yes, I saw the Countess smiling cunningly;  
What is ado?

TERZKY.

A secret. Hush! she comes.

## SCENE II.

COUNT *and* COUNTESS TERZKY, *who enter from a*  
*Cabinet. Afterwards a SERVANT—then ILLO.*

TERZKY.

Comes she not yet? I cannot keep him longer.

COUNTESS.

She will be here anon—so send him hither.

TERZKY.

In truth, I know not if the Duke will thank us  
For this our interference—on this point,  
Thou know'st, he never hath explain'd himself.  
Thou hast persuaded me, and thou must judge  
How far to go.

COUNTESS.

I take it on myself.

[*Talking to herself.*]

No powers are needed here—in silence, brother,  
I understand thee. Can I not divine  
For what thy daughter hath been summon'd hither?  
Why *he*, of all, is chosen to be her guide?  
For this pretended visionary spousal,  
With this new bridegroom, known of no one here,  
May blind another—I can see through all.  
Thou think'st it suits not *thee* to have a hand  
In such a game. No, no—to *my* discernment  
The task is left. Well, thou shalt find, for once,  
Thou hast not been mistaken in thy sister.

SERVANT *enters*.

The Generals.

[*Exit*.TERZKY (*to the COUNTESS*).

Only see that thou contriv'st

To heat his brain, and occupy his thoughts

Sufficiently, that, when he comes to supper,

He may not think about his signature.

COUNTESS.

Look to thy guests, I tell thee. Go and send him.

TERZKY.

For all depends upon his signature—

COUNTESS.

Hence—to thy guests—away.

ILLO (*returning*).

Where art thou, Terzky?

The house is full, and all are waiting for thee.

TERZKY.

Anon—anon!

[*To the COUNTESS*.

Let him not stay too long,

For else the father might have some suspicion.

COUNTESS.

Needless anxiety !

[TERZKY and ILLO *exeunt*.

## SCENE III.

COUNTESS, TERZKY. MAX PICCOLOMINI.

MAX (*looking in timidly*).

Aunt Terzky, dare I ?

[*Advancing into the middle of the Chamber, which  
he looks round with uneasiness.*

She is not here—Where is she ?

COUNTESS.

Ay, look well

In every corner; haply she may lurk

Conceal'd behind some screen !

MAX.

There lie her gloves.

[*Catches at them—the COUNTESS takes them to  
herself.*

Dear lady! 'tis unkind to mock me thus—

I see it is thy pleasure to torment me.

COUNTESS.

So, this is my reward.

MAX.

O, couldst thou know

How strange my feelings are since our arrival!

To watch myself, to weigh each word and look—

I am unused to this.

COUNTESS.

My gentle friend,

To many things we must become accustom'd.

On this first proof of your obedience

I must insist—on this condition only

Can I have aught to do in this affair.

MAX.

But where delays she? Wherefore comes she not?

COUNTESS.

All must be left entirely in my hands,

And none can be a truer friend to thee.

No human being—nay, not even thy father,  
Must know of this.

MAX.

The caution's needless. Here

I see no face to whom I could confide  
The thoughts that revel in my raptured bosom.  
O Countess, tell me, have all things around  
Thus changed, or only I? No trace is left  
Of all my former joys and wishes now.  
Where are they fled? Before, I never felt  
Thus discontented with the world around me.  
How empty all appears, how vulgar now!  
I cannot bear the presence of my comrades—  
Even to my father I can speak of nothing;  
And arms and service seem but vanity.  
I feel, methinks, as would a holy spirit,  
Who, from the regions of eternal joy,  
Back to his childish games and occupations,  
His inclinations and companionships,  
To poor humanity on earth return'd.



## COUNTESS.

And yet I must entreat thee still to cast  
Some glances on this common world of ours,  
Where great events even now are in their birth.

## MAX.

That something round me is in busy progress,  
I see by this unwonted bustle here—  
When finish'd, it may haply reach even me.  
Where, think'st thou, I have lately been, dear aunt?  
But do not jest! The tumult of the camp,  
The flood of wearisome acquaintances,  
The empty jest, th' unmeaning talk, oppress'd me—  
I felt a stifling here—I must go forth  
With silence to relieve my loaded heart,  
And in a purer spot indulge my bliss.  
Nay, smile not, Countess! To the church I went:  
There is a convent at th' Ascension-gate—  
Thither I turn'd, and found myself alone.  
A Holy Mother o'er the altar hung;  
It was a wretched painting, yet it seem'd  
The friend my heart was seeking at that moment.

"I see it gathering round me  
In its customary moments"  
Coleridge

How often have I seen the Blessed One,  
In splendour, circled by adoring crowds,  
And yet remain'd unmoved ; but now, at once,  
Shone forth my fervour cloudless as my love !

COUNTESS.

Enjoy thy bliss. Forget the world around,  
While watchful friendship cares and acts for thee ;  
Only, be pliant and submissive when  
We point to thee the road to happiness.

MAX.

But where delays she still ? O, golden time  
Of travel, when each rising sun united,  
And nought but latest night divided us !  
Then ran no sand—then knell'd no hour for us !  
It seem'd as if excess of happiness  
Had made th' eternal wheels of Time stand still !  
Yes, he hath fall'n from out his heaven of bliss,  
That can descend to think of changing hours.  
No clock strikes for the happy !

COUNTESS.

How long is it since you disclosed your love ?



MAX.

This morning first I ventured the confession.

COUNTESS.

This morning first—in all these twenty days ?

MAX.

'Twas at the hunting-seat that lies between  
The camp and Nepomuck, where thou didst meet us,  
Our latest resting-place upon the journey.  
Within a window'd niche we stood, our eyes  
In silence resting on the desert landscape ;  
And forth beneath us the dragoons were riding,  
Sent by the Duke to be our escort hither.  
Sad on my spirit press'd the thoughts of parting ;  
And tremblingly at last I broke the silence :—  
“ All this reminds me, lady, that to-day  
“ I and my happiness must part for ever.  
“ In a few hours thou wilt embrace a father ;  
“ Wilt see thyself by other friends surrounded ;  
“ And I shall soon be as a stranger to thee,  
“ Lost in the multitude.” With faltering tone  
She hurriedly replied, “ Speak with mine aunt.”

I heard that trembling of her voice—I saw  
Her lovely cheeks flush'd with a glowing crimson ;  
And slow and bashful from the ground uplifted,  
Her eye met mine. I could control my passion  
No more—

[ *The PRINCESS appears at the door, and remains  
standing, seen by the COUNTESS, but not by  
PICCOLOMINI.*

—I clasp'd her quickly in my arms—  
My lips touch'd hers—The sound of coming steps  
In the next chamber parted us 'Twas thou—  
And what hath since befall'n thou know'st already.

COUNTESS (*after a pause, with a stolen look at  
THEKLA*).

And art thou then so modest, or so careless,  
As not to ask me for *my* secret too ?

MAX.

*Thy* secret !

COUNTESS.

Yes !—how on the instant after,  
I enter'd—how I found my niece—and what,

In these first moments of her agitation,  
Escaped—

MAX (*hastily*).

Ha!

SCENE IV.

*The same.* THEKLA (*who enters hastily*).

THEKLA.

Spare thyself the trouble, aunt ;  
That he will better learn from me.

MAX (*drawing back*).

My lady!—

What would'st thou tell me, Countess?

THEKLA (*to the COUNTESS*).

Hath he been

Long here?

COUNTESS.

Yes, and his time is almost gone—

Why didst thou stay so long?

THEKLA.

My mother wept

So sore again. I see her suffering,  
And yet—I feel I cannot but be happy.

MAX (*gazing on her*).

Now I have heart once more to look upon thee.  
This morn I could not ; for the glare of jewels  
That circled her, conceal'd my love from me.

THEKLA.

Then 'twas thine eye beheld me—not thy heart.

MAX.

Ah me ! this morning, when I saw thee stand  
In thine own circle, in thy father's arms,  
And saw myself a stranger in that circle,  
How strongly did my swelling heart impel me  
To fall upon his neck, and call him Father !  
But his stern eye repell'd me, and subdued  
The turbulent sensation into silence ;  
And from those glittering gems I shrank, that wreath'd,  
Bright as a starry diadem, thy brow.  
O, wherefore should he haste so soon, to draw  
The magic circle round thee ; deck thee thus

For sacrifice, and load the cheerful heart  
With the sad burden of his cheerless grandeur !  
Love *might* have sued for love before ; but splendour  
So bright as this, may none but Kings approach.

THEKLA.

A truce with all this mockery ! Thou seest  
How soon the burden hath been cast aside.

[ *To the* COUNTESS

He is not cheerful. Wherefore is he not ?  
'Tis *thou* hast made him melancholy, aunt ;  
He was another being on the journey—  
So calm, so gay in converse, that I wish'd  
To see thee ever so, and never otherwise.

MAX.

Thou find'st thyself within thy father's arms ;  
In a new world, that hails thee as its mistress ;  
Whose very novelty delights thine eye.

THEKLA.

Yes, much there is, I own, that here delights me.  
I love the many-colour'd warlike scene,  
Whose changing face revives a much-loved picture ;

And with reality and life, connects  
What erst appear'd but as a beauteous dream.

MAX.

But turns my real happiness to dream.  
On some bright island, in the upper sky,  
Have I been dwelling in these latter days ;  
But now the island sinks again to earth,  
And the relentless bridge that bears me back  
To former life, divides me from my heaven.

THEKLA.

We look with pleasure on the game of life,  
When in the heart we bear a truer treasure ;  
And happier do I turn, when I have view'd it,  
Back to my better property again.

*[Breaking off—in a tone of pleasantry.]*

How many new and unexpected things  
Have I beheld in this short space already ?—  
And yet even these must yield to greater wonders  
That in this mystic Castle lie conceal'd.

COUNTESS (*thoughtfully*).

What can these be ? Methought I was acquainted  
With all the gloomy corners of the building.

THEKLA (*smiling*).

The way that leads to them is fenced by spirits ;  
Two Griffins are the guardians of the gate.

COUNTESS.

O, 'tis the Astrologic Tower thou speak'st of !—  
How hath this strictly-guarded sanctuary  
Thus on thy first arrival oped to thee ?

THEKLA.

An old decrepit man, with whiten'd hair,  
And friendly countenance, vouchsafed to me  
His favour, and unlock'd for me the gate.

MAX.

'Twas Seni then, the Duke's Astrologer.

THEKLA.

He question'd me of many things ; inquired  
When I was born ; and in what day and month ;  
And if by day or night the birth took place.

COUNTESS.

With the intent to set thy horoscope.

THEKLA.

He look'd upon my hand—then shook his head  
With doubtful air, as if the lines displeased him.

COUNTESS.

What didst thou see then in this secret hall?

I have but glanced around it hastily.

THEKLA.

I felt a singular sensation on me,

x When from the glare of day I enter'd in, x

For darkest night encompass'd me at once,

Half lighted by a strange and glimmering gleam.

Ranged in a semicircle, round me stood

Some six or seven tall kingly forms, that held

A sceptre in their hands, and on their heads

Each bore a star display'd, and all the light

Within the tower seem'd from these stars to stream.

These were the planets, my conductor told me,

That rule our fate, and thence are crown'd as kings.

The outermost, a gloomy, care-worn greybeard,

With the dull-clouded yellow star, was SATURN;

He with the deep-red glow, that fronted him,

In warrior-like accoutrement, was MARS—

And both were evil-boding stars to man;

But by his side a lovely woman stood,

"and now

\* The narrowing line of Daylight that  
you after  
the closing door was gone from"  
Chadwick



Soft gleam'd the star above her queenly head,  
 And this was VENUS, the bright star of joy.  
 On the left hand was winged MERCURY;  
 Full in the centre shone, in silver light,  
 A cheerful man, with kingly countenance,  
 And that was JUPITER, my father's star,  
 And Sun and Moon were pictured by his side.

MAX.

O, never will I smile at his belief  
 In starry influence and ghostly might.  
 'Tis not alone man's *pride* that peoples space  
 With visionary forms and mystic powers;  
 But for the *loving* heart, this common nature  
 Is all too narrow, and a deeper meaning  
 Lies in the fables of our childish years,  
 Than in the truer lore of after life.  
 The lovely world of wonder 'tis, alone,  
 That echoes back the heart's ecstatic feeling,  
 That spreads for men its everlasting room,  
 And with the waving of its thousand branches  
 Rocks the enchanted spirit to repose.

"A deeper insight  
 "Lies in the legend told my infant years  
 "Than lies upon that truth as true to  
 [Lear?]

Chambers

The world of fable is Love's home ; he dwells  
Gladly with fays and talismans, and gladly  
Believes in gods, for he himself is godlike.  
The fairy shapes of fable are no more ;  
The deities of old have wander'd out ;  
But still the heart must have a language, still  
The early names come back with early feelings ;  
And in the starry heaven we seek those forms,  
That friendly once in life have walk'd beside us.  
Still from yon sky they smile on lovers down,  
And all that's *great* on earth even now is sent us  
From Jupiter, from Venus all that's *fair* !

## THEKLA.

Is that astrology ? if so, with joy  
To this consoling faith I am a convert.  
It is a lovely and a gladd'ning thought,  
That, in the boundless realms of space above us,  
A crown of love, entwined of sparkling stars,  
Was wreathed for us even in our first existence.

## COUNTESS.

But heaven hath thorns as well as roses too,

And well for thee if thou escap'st their sting.  
What Venus twin'd, the harbinger of joy,  
May Mars, the star of evil, rend asunder.

MAX.

Soon will his gloomy reign be at an end,  
Thanks to the earnest efforts of the Prince ;  
The olive with the laurel will be blended,  
And peace revisit the rejoicing world :  
Then hath his mighty mind no more to wish for ;  
Already he hath done enough for fame,  
And for himself, and for his own, may live  
In calm retirement on his wide domains.  
He hath a princely residence at Gitschin,  
And fair lie Reichenberg and Castle Friedland ;  
Even to the bases of the Giants' Hills,  
The boundless forests of his chase extend.  
There, unrestrain'd and free, may he indulge  
His master passion, to create the splendid—  
With princely favour foster every art—  
Protect and guard the worthy and the good ;  
There may he build, and plough, and watch the stars—

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And if his daring spirit cannot rest,  
There he may combat with the elements,  
May turn the river's bed, or burst the rock,  
Or with new roads give life to trade and commerce ;  
While warlike histories of days of old  
May cheat the weary winter night away.

COUNTESS.

And yet if thou would'st take my counsel, cousin,  
Thou would'st not lay the sword too soon aside.  
A bride like this is sure an object, worthy,  
By warlike prowess, to be wooed and won.

MAX.

O, would she were to be acquired by arms !

COUNTESS.

Ha ! what was that ? heard ye ? Methought I heard  
Some noise and quarrel in the banquet-room.

SCENE V.

THEKLA. MAX PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA (*after the COUNTESS goes out, quickly and  
secretly to PICCOLOMINI*).

Trust not to *them*, they play us false.

MAX.

Is't possible?

THEKLA.

Trust no one here but me. I saw at once  
They have an end in view.

MAX.

An end! But what?  
How could it serve their ends to give us hope?

THEKLA.

I know not that; yet, trust me, it is not  
Their real wish to join and make us happy

MAX.

Why do we need these Terzkys? Can we not  
Confide in thy dear mother? Yes, her kindness  
Deserves that we should trust like children to her.

THEKLA.

She loves and prizes thee above all others,  
But never would she have the resolution  
To guard so great a secret from my father.  
For her own peace of mind, it must remain  
Conceal'd from her.

MAX.

But why conceal it longer  
At all? Know'st thou what I've resolved to do?  
I'll throw myself at thy great father's feet—  
*He* shall decide my fate, for he is true  
And undisguised; he hates all winding ways—  
He is so good—so noble.

THEKLA.

Ah! 'tis thou

That art so.

MAX.

Thou hast known him but to-day,  
But I have lived ten years beneath his eye.  
Is this the first of actions he hath done,  
Uncommon and unlook'd for?—'Tis his nature  
To overpow'r us, like a god—his way  
Is ever to delight and to astonish.  
And who shall say, if at this instant he  
But wait for my confession, and for thine,  
To join our hands? Thou'rt silent. Thou regard'st me  
With doubt. Of what dost thou suspect thy father?

THEKLA.

I? Nothing: But he seems too much engaged  
To have much time or leisure to bestow  
Upon *our* happiness.

[*Taking him tenderly by the hand.*

Follow but me—

Let us not trust too much to others' aid.  
We will be grateful for these Terzkys' kindness,  
But trust them only as we find them worthy,—  
And for the rest rely on our own hearts.

MAX.

O, is it meant that we shall e'er be happy !

THEKLA.

And are we not so now ? Art thou not mine ?  
Am I not thine ? The firm resolve that lives  
Within *thy* bosom, Love hath lent to *me*.  
I know I should be more reserved, my heart  
Be more conceal'd,—so custom would demand.  
But where, on earth, should truth be found for thee,  
If on my lips it hath not found a home ?  
No ! Fate hath once united us, and we  
Will clasp each other firmly and for ever.  
Believe me, this is more than they intended :  
Then let our feelings, like a holy relic,  
Be cherish'd in the heart's remote recesses.  
From Heaven alone the boon was sent, and so  
To Heaven alone should be our gratitude—  
It can work wonders for us still.



SCENE VI.

*The same.* COUNTESS TERZKY.

COUNTESS (*urgently*).

My husband sends for thee. It is full time  
He must to table.—

[*They pay no attention. She advances between  
them.*]

Ye must part.

THEKLA.

Oh, why

So soon?—He hath been scarce a moment here.

COUNTESS.

Time seems to fly with thee, my princely niece.

MAX.

There is no hurry, aunt.

COUNTESS.

Go—thou art miss'd;

Thy father twice hath ask'd for thee already.

THEKLA.

His father? well!—

COUNTESS.

Niece, are my words not plain?

THEKLA.

And what hath he to do in this assembly?  
He is not in his sphere. They may be men  
Of worth and honour, but he is too young  
For them; he suits not their society.

COUNTESS.

So! thou would'st rather keep him wholly here?

THEKLA (*warmly*).

Right—thou hast hit it, aunt. Such is my meaning;  
Yes, leave him here with me. Inform the guests—

COUNTESS.

Niece, hast thou lost thy senses?—Count, *thou* know'st  
Our terms.

MAX.

I must obey, dear lady. Fare thee well!

[THEKLA *turns hastily from him.*

What didst thou say?

THEKLA (*without looking at him*).

Nothing—begone !—

MAX.

How can I,

When thou art angry ?

[*He approaches her. Their eyes meet. She remains for a moment silent, then throws herself upon his breast. He embraces her closely.*

COUNTESS.

Hence—If any one

Should come !—I hear a noise—strange voices near.

[*MAX tears himself from her arms, and exit.*

*The COUNTESS accompanies him. THEKLA follows him at first with her eyes—moves restlessly through the chamber, and remains lost in deep thought. A guitar lies on the table—She takes it up, and, after a melancholy prelude, sings.*

## SCENE VII.

THEKLA (*alone*).THEKLA (*plays and sings*).

The oakwood rustles, the clouds roll on,  
The maiden strays by the stream alone,  
And the waves are dashing with might—with might,  
And she sings aloud to the darksome night,  
While her eyes with tears are dim.

The heart is dead—the world is drear ;  
There is nought to hope or to wish for here,—  
Then take me, thou holy one, back to thine arms,  
For I have survived life's brightest charms—  
I have loved and lived for him.

## SCENE VIII.

COUNTESS (*returning*). THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

Fie, niece—to throw thyself into his arms :  
Thou should'st be charier of thy dignity.

THEKLA (*looking at her*).

What mean'st thou, aunt ?

COUNTESS.

Thou should'st not so forget  
What *thou* art, and what *he* is. Yet 'twould seem  
It never once occur'd to thee—

THEKLA.

What, aunt ?

COUNTESS.

That thou art daughter to the Duke of Friedland.

THEKLA.

Well—and what then ?

COUNTESS.

What then ?—a question truly !

THEKLA.

What *we* have been created, *he* was born ;  
For he hath come of ancient Lombard lineage,  
And is a Princess's son.

COUNTESS.

Speak'st thou in dream ?  
Truly, 'twould seem as if we must entreat him

Kindly to honour Europe's richest heiress  
With his illustrious hand.

THEKLA.

That will be needless.

COUNTESS.

'Twere well, however, not to go too far.

THEKLA.

His father loves him. Count Octavio  
Will not oppose the wishes of his son.

COUNTESS.

His father—ay ! But what of *thine*, good niece ?

THEKLA.

Methinks it is *his* father thou dost fear,  
Since 'tis from *him* the secret is to be  
So strictly guarded.

COUNTESS (*looking at her inquiringly*).

Niece, thou art not honest.

THEKLA.

Nay, be not angry, aunt—be kind again.

COUNTESS.

Ye think your game already surely won ;  
But triumph not too soon.

THEKLA.

Dear aunt, be kind.

COUNTESS.

'Tis not so sure !—

THEKLA.

Too well I do believe it.

COUNTESS.

Think'st thou that he his whole important life  
In weary toil and warfare thus hath wasted,  
Denied himself the peaceful joys of earth,  
Far from his restless pillow banish'd slumber,  
And furrow'd o'er with care his noble front,  
Merely to make a happy pair of ye !  
To lead thee from thy peaceful convent walls,  
Straight and triumphantly, into *his* arms,  
With whom thine eye is pleased ! No, niece, that end  
More cheaply might have been attain'd. This seed  
Was never sown, that thou with childish hand  
Should'st pluck and place the flower within thy bosom !

THEKLA.

What he hath never planted for me, may

Spontaneous offer me its kindly fruits.  
And if my friendly and propitious fate,  
From out his fearful and unfathom'd being,  
Will yet prepare the joys of life for me—

## COUNTESS.

Thou look'st on life, like an enamour'd maiden.  
But look around—Bethink thee where thou art.  
No house of joy is this which thou hast enter'd—  
No marriage feast is this, for which the walls  
Are deck'd—the guests with garlands crown'd. Here is  
No glitter, save the gleam of weapons. Think'st thou  
These armed thousands have been summon'd hither  
To lead the dance upon thy bridal day?  
Thou seest thy father's forehead knit with thought,  
Thy mother's eye in tears: Within the balance,  
Even now, our house's destiny is weigh'd!  
Then lay aside these childish, girlish feelings;  
Forget these petty wishes; prove to all,  
Thou art the daughter of no common man!  
Weak woman was not born to be her own;  
Her destiny is bound to that of others;



And happiest she of women, that can make  
Another's choice her own, and in her heart  
Can nurse and cherish it with warmth, and live.

THEKLA.

Such was the lesson taught me in the convent :  
I had no wishes of my own ; I knew myself  
But as the daughter of the mighty one ;  
And his fame's echo, piercing even to me, .  
Woke in my heart no thought but this—that I  
Was doom'd to be the sacrifice for him.

COUNTESS.

Such is thy fate—Submit to it in silence ;  
I and thy mother set thee an example.

THEKLA.

No ! Fate hath shown me *him* to whom I shall  
Devote myself, and will follow gladly.

COUNTESS.

Thy *heart*, my dearest child, and not thy *fate*.

THEKLA.

The heart's inclining is the voice of fate !  
I am for ever his : His gift alone

Is this new life that dawns upon me now.  
He hath right unto his creature. What was I,  
Before his love awoke my soul to life?  
I will not think more meanly of myself  
Than my beloved. How can she be poor  
That calls a countless treasure hers? I feel  
My strength increasing with my happiness.  
Solemn is life unto a soul resolved.  
I know that I am now mine own possessor;  
For I have learnt to feel the firm resolve,  
The unconquerable will within my breast,  
And I can look upon the worst with calmness.

COUNTESS.

What! would'st thou venture to oppose thy father,  
Should he have made another choice for thee,  
And think'st that thou could e'er control his will?  
Know, child, his name is FRIEDLAND.

THEKLA.

So is *mine*!

His own true daughter he shall find in me.

COUNTESS.

How, child? his King and Emperor cannot rule him,  
And thou, his daughter, would'st contend with him?

THEKLA.

What none dare venture, I his daughter may.

COUNTESS.

Well, this, in truth, is more than he had look'd for.  
When he hath vanquish'd all impediments,  
In the capricious will of his own daughter  
Shall a new obstacle arise? Child! child!  
As yet thou hast but seen thy father's smiles,  
Thou hast not look'd upon his eye in anger.  
Think'st thou, thy faltering voice of contradiction  
Will raise its trembling whisper in his presence?  
Thou think'st it easy, thus alone, to frame  
These high resolves, to wreath these flowers of speech,  
And arm thy dove-like soul with eagle-courage.  
But try it once: Stand thou before his eye  
When it is fix'd upon thee, and say—No,  
And thou wilt shrink before him, as the leaf

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Is shrivell'd in the scorching of the sun.

I would not terrify thee, gentle child,  
I hope it will not come to this extreme ;  
Nor know I yet his will. Perchance thy wishes  
May with his purposes be reconciled ;  
But this at least can never be his will,  
That thou, the favour'd heiress of his fortunes,  
Should thus demean thee like a love-sick girl,  
And throw thyself at once into *his* arms,  
Who, ere he reap that high reward, must first  
Acquire it by Love's highest sacrifice.

#### SCENE IX.

THEKLA (*alone*).

I thank thee for that hint. It turns, indeed,  
My sad presentiment to certainty.  
Alas ! it is too true. We have no friend,  
No faithful heart beside us : We have here

None but ourselves. Hard trials threaten us—  
Then, godlike Love, be thou our strong supporter !  
She speaks the truth. No joyous signs are these  
That shine above this union of our hearts ;  
No scene is this where hope can find a home ;  
Nought but the dismal clang of war is heard,  
And Love himself, girt for the strife of death,  
Looks trembling out beneath his iron mail.

A gloomy spirit o'er our house is brooding :  
I feel the issue of our fate is nigh.  
It drove me from my peaceful cell, deluding  
And blinding with a beauteous spell mine eye :  
It lures me with its form so heavenly bright,  
Near, and more near, I see it floating by :  
It draws me on with more than human might  
To the abyss—I strive in vain to fly !

*[Distant music is heard in the banquet-room.]*

O, when a house is doom'd in flames to fall,  
The dark'ning heav'ns collect their blackest skies ;  
Down shoots the lightning from its sulph'rous pall ;

From subterranean gulfs the fires arise ;  
And even the God of Joy, with treacherous smile,  
Hurls his bright torch into the blazing pile !

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT THIRD.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*A large handsome Saloon splendidly lighted. In the middle, extending to the back of the Stage, a richly ornamented Table, at which eight Generals, amongst whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERZKY, and MARADAS, are seated. To the right and left, a little behind, two other Tables, at each of which six guests are seated. Towards the front the Side-table, the proscenium being left for the Pages and Attendants. Everything is in motion. The Band of TERZKY's Regiment move over the Stage around the Tables. Before they are quite gone, MAX PICCOLOMINI appears; TERZKY comes towards him with the writing, and ISOLANI with a Cup.*

TERZKY. ISOLANI. MAX PICCOLOMINI.

ISOLANI.

Brother, I drink to what we love !—But where  
Hast thou delay'd ? Haste to thy place—Our host  
Has set his mother's choicest wines a-flowing  
As free as at our Heidelberg carousals.  
The best is gone already. At yon table,  
Titles and Princes' Coronets are sharing ;  
The lands of Eggenberg, Slawata, Lichtenstein,  
And Sternberg, are already put to sale,  
With all their great Bohemian appanages.  
Make haste ; some share may still be left for thee.  
March—to thy place !

COLALTO and GOETZ (*call from the second table*).

Count Piccolomini !

TERZKY.

Ay ! Ye shall have him straight—Here, read this instrument ;  
See if thou think'st it right as we have framed it ;



All have in turn read over its contents,  
And each is ready to subscribe his name.

MAX (*reads*).

“*Ingratis servire nefas—*”

ISOLANI.

That sounds as 'twere a crabbed scrap of Latin.  
What means it, brother, in our native German?

TERZKY.

No honest man will ever serve the ungrateful.

MAX.

“ Seeing that our illustrious General, the PRINCE of FRIEDLAND, had resolved, in consequence of various affronts received, to quit the service of the Emperor, but by our unanimous request, has been moved still to continue with the army, and not to separate from us, but with our concurrence; therefore, in lieu of an oath, we hereby bind ourselves in turn, jointly and individually, to continue faithful and true to him, and in nowise to separate from him, but to risk everything for him, even to the last drop of our blood; that is to say, *in so far as is consistent with our oath of allegiance to his*

*Imperial Majesty.*—(These last words are repeated by ISOLANI.)—We also bind ourselves, in case one or other of us, contrary to this compact, shall abandon the common cause, to declare him a traitor, and to avenge ourselves on him, estate and chattels, life and limb—as witness our signatures.”

TERZKY.

Well ! Art thou willing to subscribe this writing ?

ISOLANI.

Why should he not ? Sure, every officer  
Of honour may—and must.—Where's pen and ink ?

TERZKY.

Leave it till after supper.

ISOLANI (*drawing MAX away*).

Come, then—come !

[*Both go to the table.*]

## SCENE II.

TERZKY. NEUMANN.

TERZKY

*(makes a sign to NEUMANN, who is standing at the side-table, and advances with him to the front).*

Bring'st thou the copy, Neumann? Is it framed,  
So that they may be easily exchanged?

NEUMANN.

They have been written line for line; and nothing  
Is wanting, save the clause about the oath,  
According to your Excellency's orders.

TERZKY.

Well, lay it down—and here—away with this  
Into the fire—its purpose hath been answer'd.

[NEUMANN *lays the copy upon the table, and  
retires again to the side-table.*

## SCENE III.

ILLO (*comes from the second Chamber*). TERZKY.

ILLO.

How did it pass with Piccolomini?

TERZKY.

All's well, I think—He hath made no objection.

ILLO.

He is the only one I do not trust;

He and his father—Have an eye on both.

TERZKY.

How goes it at your table? Your guests, I hope,

Are not allow'd to cool?

ILLO.

O! they are all

Quite cordial. I believe we have them now;

And, as I prophesied to thee before,

They speak no longer merely of maintaining

The Duke in his command. Since we are all  
Together here, says Montecuculi,  
Now is the time, within his own Vienna,  
To dictate terms to the Emperor. Believe me,  
That wer't not for these Piccolomini,  
We might have spared ourselves and them the cheat.

TERZKY.

And what says Buttler?—Hush!

#### SCENE IV.

BUTTLER. *The same.*

BUTTLER (*coming from the second table*).

Be not disturb'd,  
Field-Marshal. I can see through all, and wish  
Good fortune to your enterprise; for me,

[*Mysteriously.*

Ye may rely upon my aid.

ILLO (*warmly*).

May we?

BUTTLER.

*With, or without a clause—alike to me.*

Do'st understand me, Count? The Prince may put

My faith to every hazard—tell him so.

I am the Emperor's officer, so long

As *he* is pleased to be the Emperor's general;

And Friedland's faithful servant, soon as he

Shall choose to have no master but himself.

TERZKY.

Thou mak'st a good exchange: He is no niggard—

No Ferdinand—to whom thou plight'st thy faith.

BUTTLER (*seriously*).

I offer not my faith for sale, Count Terzky,

And six months since would scarcely have advised thee

To hint to me these terms, which freely now,

And of mine own accord, I come to proffer.

Myself, with all my regiment, will I bring

Unto the Duke, and trust that my example

May not be wholly lost upon the rest.

ILLO.

Who is there knows not, Colonel Buttler shines  
A pattern and a light to all the army?

BUTTLER.

Thinks my Field-Marshal so? Why, then, I grieve not  
That I have kept for forty years my faith,  
If thus my dearly-cherish'd fame obtains me,  
At sixty, a revenge complete as this.  
Nay, start not at this language, sirs—to you,  
I know, 'tis all alike which way ye have me;  
And ye yourselves, I trust, will scarce suppose  
Your juggling game distorts my better judgment—  
That fickleness, or levity of blood,  
Or any lighter cause like this, could sway  
The old man from his ancient path of honour.  
But come, ye will not find me less resolved,  
Because I clearly know from what I part.

ILLO.

Well, tell us plainly—How are we to rate thee?

BUTTLER.

For a true friend—receive my hand on that—

With all I have, believe me, I am yours.  
Money, as well as men, the Prince will need ;  
Some little I have gain'd while in his service—  
I'll lend it to him ; and should he survive me,  
'Tis long since will'd to him—he is mine heir.  
I stand alone on earth : I never knew  
Those tender feelings, which a father's heart  
To a beloved wife and children bind.  
My name dies with me—my existence ends.

ILLO.

Thy money will be needless, but a heart  
Like thine outweighs whole tons of gold, or millions.

BUTTLER.

I came a humble stable-groom from Ireland  
To Prague, and there my master breathed his last.  
From the low service of the stall I rose,  
By chance of war, even to the rank I hold,  
A favour'd plaything of capricious fortune.  
Our Wallenstein himself is Fortune's child—  
I love the man whose course resembles mine.



ILLO.

All minds of strength claim kindred with each other.

BUTTLER.

This is a mighty moment on the earth,  
It smiles upon the resolute and brave.  
As lesser coins pass on from hand to hand,  
So change their transient lords, both town and tower.  
The heirs of ancient houses wander out,  
New names come daily up, new arms are blazon'd.  
Upon our German soil a northern host  
Unwelcome dares to fix its firm abode :  
The Prince of Weimar musters all his strength,  
To found a powerful kingdom on the Maine ;  
The bastard Mansfeld wanted nought but days  
To win a princedom by his knightly sword :  
Yet who, of all, can be compared with Friedland ?  
Nought is so high, but that his soaring strength  
Will find the means to fix the scaling ladder.

TERZKY.

Right, Buttler, that is spoken like a man.

BUTTLER.

Make but the Spaniards and Italians sure,  
The Scotsman, Leslie, I myself will manage.  
Come—to the banquet.

TERZKY.

Where's the Cellarer?  
Let's have the best thou hast—the choicest wines.  
Now is the time, for our affairs look well.

## SCENE V.

CELLARER *and* NEUMANN *advance. Servants going  
and coming.*

CELLAR MASTER.

The noble wine! O, if mine ancient mistress,  
His lady-mother, only could look up  
On this wild scene, 'twould turn her in her grave.  
Ay, ay, sir officer, this noble house  
Goes all to wreck—he knows no stint, no measure;

And this exalted brotherhood of his,  
With this same Duke, bodes little good to us.

NEUMANN.

Now, God forbid !—This house will surely flourish.

CELLAR MASTER.

Dost think so, sir ?—Deep cause there is to doubt it.

SERVANT (*comes*).

Some Burgundy for the fourth table there.

CELLAR MASTER.

This is the seventieth bottle now, Lieutenant.

SERVANT.

'Tis all because the German gentleman,  
That Tiefenbach, sits there.

CELLAR MASTER.

They carry matters far too high : Electors  
And sovereigns they must equal in their splendour ;  
And when the Prince once leads, be sure the Count,  
My gracious master, will not lag behind him.

[ *To the Servants, who stand listening.*

What ? listening ? off—or ye shall feel my arm.

Look to the tables—to the goblets. See,  
Count Palfy has an empty glass before him !

SECOND SERVANT (*comes*).

The chalice-cup is call'd for, Cellar Master,  
The rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms.  
Our master says thou know'st the one he means.

CELLAR MASTER.

That which for Frederick's coronation-day  
The artist William framed—the stately one,  
That fell to him from the Bohemian booty ?

SECOND SERVANT.

Yes, that—they mean to drink from it all round.

CELLAR MASTER (*shaking his head as he takes out  
the chalice, and brightens it*).

Ay, this will make more talking in Vienna.

NEUMANN.

Let's see ! this is indeed a splendid cup—  
Massive with gold—its sides in high relief,  
With strange designs emboss'd and ornamented.  
Here, in the first compartment—let me see—  
Here is a haughty Amazon on horseback,

That tramples on a crook and bishop's mitre.  
A cap upon a pole she bears, and near  
A banner waves, on which a cup is pictured—  
Canst thou inform me what all these may mean?

CELLAR MASTER.

The female figure on the steed, portrays  
The elective freedom of Bohemia's crown—  
Which is denoted by the cap she bears,  
And the wild courser which she rides upon.  
The cap adorns the man; and he who dare not  
Sit cover'd in the face of King or Kaiser,  
I say, he is no man of liberty.

NEUMANN.

What means the chalice there upon the banner?

CELLAR MASTER.

The cup denotes our Church's liberty,  
As it hath been in our forefathers' days.  
Our fathers, in the Hussite war, maintain'd  
This valued privilege against the Pope,  
Who to no layman will allow the cup.  
The cup is precious to the Utraquist—

It is his costly jewel ; and Bohemia,  
In many a battle, pour'd her blood for this.

NEUMANN.

What says the scroll which stands display'd above ?

CELLAR MASTER.

That represents Bohemia's Royal Letter,  
Which from the Emperor Rodolph we compell'd—  
A costly and invaluable parchment,  
By which free bells and open psalmody,  
To the new faith, as to the old, are ceded ;  
But since the house of Grätz hath reign'd among us,  
These days are past ; and from the fight of Prague,  
When Palsgrave Frederick lost his crown and realm,  
Our faith is shorn of pulpit and of altar,  
Our banish'd brethren look upon their homes  
From other shores, and even the Royal Letter,  
With his own hands, the Emperor hath destroy'd.

NEUMANN.

Know'st thou all this ? Thou art indeed well read  
In thy Bohemian annals, Cellar Master.

## CELLAR MASTER.

Ay, for my ancestors were Taborites,  
And fought beneath Procopius and Zisca—  
Peace to their ashes: they were men indeed  
That fought in a good cause. There—take it to them.

## NEUMANN.

First let me look upon the second quarter.  
This represents the scene at Prague, when both  
The Privy Councillors, Martinitz, Slavata,  
Were thrown head foremost from the castle window.  
Ay, right—here stands Count Thurn, who gave the  
order.

[SERVANT *goes off with the Cup.*

## CELLAR MASTER.

No more of that unhappy day. It was  
The twenty-third of May, in the sad year  
Eighteen\*—and yet it seems as yesterday.  
'Twas then the sufferings of the land began;  
And since that day, though sixteen years have flown,  
There never hath been peace upon the earth.

---

\* 1618.

*(From the Second Table.)*

Health to the Prince of Weimar !

*(From the Third and Fourth Tables.)*

Long live Bernhard !

*[Flourish of music.]*

FIRST SERVANT.

Hark to the tumult !

SECOND SERVANT.

Didst thou hear ? They drink

Long life to Weimar !

THIRD SERVANT.

Austria's foe !

FIRST SERVANT.

The Lutheran !

SECOND SERVANT.

And Deodati just before proposed

The Emperor's health, and all was solemn silence !

CELLAR MASTER.

O'er wine things will be said. A faithful servant

Must have no ears for hasty words like these.



THIRD SERVANT (*aside to the fourth*).

Remember, John, we shall have much to tell  
Father Quiroga of all this, and he  
Will pay us for it in indulgences.

FOURTH SERVANT.

And therefore did I plant myself behind  
That Illo's chair. He utters strange expressions.

[*They go towards the Tables.*]

CELLAR MASTER (*to NEUMANN*).

Who is that dark commander with the cup,  
Who talks so confidentially with Palfy?

NEUMANN.

That is another whom they trust too much;  
Maradas is his name—he is a Spaniard.

CELLAR MASTER.

I say, away with all these Spaniards!—all  
These foreigners are naught.

NEUMANN.

Hush, hush—be careful!  
Thou should'st not speak so freely, Cellar Master.

The best of all our Generals are among them,  
The men on whom the Duke relies the most.

CELLAR MASTER (*to the SERVANTS*).

See! the Lieutenant-General rises.—Quick!—

They are breaking up—Away, and move the chairs!

[*The SERVANTS hasten to the back ground.*

*Part of the Guests advance.*

## SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *comes in conversation with*  
MARADAS, *and both place themselves quite in front*  
*on one side the proscenium. On the opposite side,*  
*stands MAX PICCOLOMINI alone, wrapped in*  
*thought, without taking any share in what is pass-*  
*ing. The middle space between them, a few paces*  
*back, is filled by BUTTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEF-*  
*ENBACH, COLALTO, and soon after, COUNT TERZ-*  
*KY.*

ISOLANI (*while the remainder of the Guests are coming forward*).

Good-night, Colalto—Piccolomini !

Good-night—or rather, I should say, good-morrow !

GOETZ (*to TIEFENBACH*).

Brother, much good may't do thee.

TIEFENBACH.

That was a princely feast.

GOETZ.

Ay, ay, the Countess

Can manage matters. 'Twas her mother-in-law

That taught her—rest her soul !—She *was* a housewife !

ISOLANI (*about to go*).

Lights ! lights !

TERZKY (*comes with the writing to ISOLANI*).

Two minutes only, brother. Here

Is something still to sign.

ISOLANI.

Sign—why I'll sign

Whate'er thou wilt—spare me the reading only.

TERZKY.

I will not trouble thee. It is the oath  
Which thou hast seen—'Tis but a stroke o' the pen.

[ *While ISOLANI hands the writing to OCTAVIO.*

Each sign it as it comes. There's no rank here.

[ *OCTAVIO runs over the writing with apparent  
indifference. TERZKY watches him from a  
distance.*

GOETZ (*to TERZKY*).

Excuse me, Count—allow me to withdraw.

TERZKY. .

Nay, haste not so. One sleeping-draught—Ho, there!

[ *To the Servants.*

GOETZ.

I cannot take it.

TERZKY.

But a trifle.

GOETZ.

Pardon me.

TIEFENBACH (*sitting down*).

Excuse me, gentlemen, I cannot stand.

TERZKY.

Nay, make thyself at home.

TIEFENBACH.

The head is fresh, the stomach vigorous,  
But these poor legs can carry off no more.

ISOLANI (*pointing to his corpulence*).

No wonder, thou hast laid too much upon them.

[OCTAVIO *signs, and hands the writing to*  
TERZKY, *who gives it to ISOLANI, and he*  
*goes to the table to sign.*

TIEFENBACH.

The war in Pomerania brought me this,  
When we turn'd out in snow and ice. In all  
My life I never shall recover it.

GOETZ.

Ay, true, your Swede cared little for the weather.

[TERZKY *hands the paper to MARADAS, who*  
*goes to the table to sign.*

OCTAVIO (*approaches BUTTLER*).

Thou, like myself, I see art no great friend  
To these carousals—I have mark'd it well.

Thou would'st, methinks, be more at home amidst  
The uproar of a battle than a banquet.

BUTTLER.

I must confess, it suits not with my taste.

OCTAVIO (*drawing nearer confidentially*).

Nor yet with mine—of that I can assure thee ;  
And I rejoice, most worthy Colonel Buttler,  
We are so much at one in our opinions.  
Some half-a-dozen good old friends at most  
About a small round table, a bright glass  
Of old Tokay, an open heart beside,  
And reasonable converse—these I like.

BUTTLER.

When one can have it so, I like them too.

[ *The paper is sent to BUTTLER, who goes to the table to sign—the proscenium becomes empty, so that both the PICCOLOMINI remain standing alone, each on his own side of the Stage.*

OCTAVIO (*after looking at his Son for some time in silence from a distance, draws nearer*).

Dear son, thou wert long absent from us.

MAX (*turning quickly round in confusion*).

I—

Business of pressing urgency detain'd me.

OCTAVIO.

And I perceive thou art scarce present now.

MAX.

Thou know'st that tumult ever makes me still.

OCTAVIO (*drawing nearer*).

I may not know the business that detain'd thee;

[*With meaning.*

Yet Terzky knows it.

MAX.

What does Terzky know?

OCTAVIO (*significantly*).

He was the only one that did not miss thee.

ISOLANI (*who has been noticing them from a distance, advances*).

Ay, right, old Father!—Rate him soundly—Beat

His quarters up—All is not as it should be.

TERZKY (*comes with the writing*).

Is no one wanting? Have ye all subscribed?

OCTAVIO.

Yes—all of *us*.TERZKY (*calling*).

Well, who is next to sign?

BUTTLER (*to TERZKY*).

Count over—there should just be thirty names.

TERZKY.

Here stands a cross for one.

TIEFENBACH.

The cross is mine.

ISOLANI (*to TERZKY*).

He cannot write ; his cross will serve the purpose,  
And will be honour'd both by Jew and Christian.

TERZKY.

*One* Piccolomini alone hath sign'd.ISOLANI (*pointing to MAX*).

O ! true, this guest of stone is wanting still,  
Who all the evening hath been good for nought.



## SCENE VII.

*The same. ILLO comes out of the room behind, with the golden cup in his hand, evidently much intoxicated. GOETZ and BUTTLER follow him, and endeavour to detain him.*

ILLO.

What would ye?—Leave me.

GOETZ and BUTTLER.

Illo, drink no more!

ILLO (*goes up to OCTAVIO, drinks, and embraces him*).

Octavio—here! I drink to thee. Let's drown

All rancour in this reconciling draught.

I know thou never lovedst me, Heaven confound me!

No—nor I thee.—But let the past be all

Forgotten; I esteem thee beyond measure.

[*Embracing him repeatedly.*

I am thy truest friend; and, to convince thee,

The man that swears thou art a treach'rous hound,  
Shall answer it to me !

TERZKY (*aside*).

What ! art thou mad ?

Bethink thee, Illo, where thou art.

ILLO (*good naturedly*).

Well, what's the matter ? We are all good friends.—

[*Looking with a contented air round the circle.*

There is no rogue among us—that's my comfort.

TERZKY (*to BUTTLER pressing*).

O, take him with thee, Buttler, prithee take him.

[*BUTTLER leads him to the side-table.*

ISOLANI (*to MAX, who has remained motionless, but  
looking into the paper listlessly*).

Art ready, brother ?—hast thou studied it ?

MAX (*as if waking from a dream*).

What must I do ?

TERZKY and ISOLANI (*at the same time*).

Subscribe thy name to it.

[*OCTAVIO is seen to look anxiously at him.*

MAX (*giving it back*).

Leave it till morning—'tis a serious business.

To-night I am not in the vein—to-morrow——

TERZKY.

Bethink thee——

ISOLANI.

Quick, I say—subscribe at once.

What, sir, thou art the youngest man at table,

And would'st pretend to have more prudence in thee

Than all of us together? See, thy father

Hath sign'd already—so have all of us.

TERZKY (*to OCTAVIO*).

Thine influence will be needed—use it with him.

OCTAVIO.

My son is come of age.

ILLO (*who has laid the cup upon the side-table*).

What do ye talk of?

TERZKY.

He hesitates to sign the instrument.

MAX.

I say, it may remain until to-morrow.

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ILLO.

I say, it may not—all of us have sign'd,  
And so shalt thou—thou must subscribe at once.

MAX.

Illo, good night.

ILLO.

Nay, thou escapest not thus ;  
The Prince shall learn to know his real friends.  
[*All the Guests collect around both.*

MAX.

The Prince already knows my feelings to him—  
All know them—and no idle bond is needed.

ILLO.

These are the Prince's thanks, this his reward,  
For that he ever favour'd these Italians.

TERZKY (*in great confusion, to the Commanders,  
who rise tumultuously*).

'Tis wine that speaks within him, heed him not.

ISOLANI (*laughs*).

Nay, wine invents not this, but gives it vent.

ILLO.

The man that is not with me is against me.

These tender consciences must be let out  
By a back door forsooth—a saving clause.

TERZKY (*interrupting him rapidly*).

The man is raving—heed not what he utters.

ILLO (*calling louder*).

Must sneak away, I say, behind a clause.

No clause for me—The devil take all clauses !

MAX (*becomes attentive, and looks again into the  
writing*).

What can there be so dangerous in this ?

They make me anxious to examine it.

[MAX *receives the paper from TERZKY's hand,  
and looks into it absently.*

TERZKY (*aside to ILLO*).

What art thou doing ?—Thou wilt ruin all.

TIEFENBACH (*to COLALTO*).

I see ;—before the Banquet it was different.

GORTZ.

Ay—So it seem'd to me.

ISOLANI.

Well—what care I !

Where others' names appear, there mine may stand.

TIEFENBACH.

Before, there was a certain saving clause,  
A reservation of the Emperor's service.

BUTTLE (to one of the Generals).

For shame, my friends ! Think well for what we met.  
The question now is, if we shall maintain  
Our General in his rights, or let him go ?—  
We cannot be so nice, and so precise.

ISOLANI (to one of the Generals).

And did the Prince, sir, think of saving clauses  
When he appointed *thee* to thy command ?

TERZKY (to GOETZ).

And *thee* to manage the supplies, which brought thee  
A thousand good pistoles within the year ?

ILLO.

Rascals are they, that would make rogues of us ;  
Let him that likes it not speak out ; I'm here.

[TIEFENBACH.

Well, one may surely speak.

MAX (*reads, and gives back the paper*).

Until to-morrow

Let it remain.

ILLO

*(stammering with rage, and no longer master of himself, holds the writing before him with one hand, and his drawn sword in the other).*

Sign, Judas !

ISOLANI.

Fie for shame !—

Illo !

OCTAVIO, TERZKY, BUTTLER *(at once)*.

Down with his sword !

MAX *(falls on him suddenly, and disarms him.—**To Count TERZKY)*.

Put him to bed.

*[Exit. ILLO, swearing and scolding, is held by some of the Commanders, and the Curtain falls amidst universal confusion.*

END OF ACT FOURTH.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

*A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S Residence.—Night.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *An ATTENDANT. Soon  
after MAX.*

OCTAVIO.

Soon as my son hath enter'd, send him hither  
To me. How goes the hour?

ATTENDANT.

'Tis almost morning.

OCTAVIO.

Set down thy light beside me. We shall not



Lie down to night. Thou may'st retire to rest.

[ATTENDANT *goes out*. OCTAVIO *walks thoughtfully through the Chamber*. MAX PICCOLOMINI *enters, at first unobserved by him, and looks at him for some moments in silence*.

MAX.

Art thou displeased with me, Octavio? Heaven  
Knows I am blameless in this hateful brawl.  
I saw, indeed, that thou hadst sign'd the writing,  
And what *thou* hadst approved, perhaps should have  
Sufficed for me; but yet—thou know'st—I can  
In such affairs trust only mine own light,  
And not another's.

OCTAVIO (*goes to him, and embraces him*).

Trust it farther still,  
Beloved son, for it hath guided thee  
More truly now than even mine own example.

MAX.

Explain thyself more clearly.

OCTAVIO.

I will do so;

For after that which thou hast seen to-night,  
No secrets need exist between us more.

[ *When both have seated themselves.*

Now tell me, Max, what think'st thou of the oath  
They laid before us for our signature?

MAX.

I hold it as an innocent affair,  
Although I like not this formality.

OCTAVIO.

Was that thine only reason for refusing  
To sign the writing, when they press'd thee to it?

MAX.

It was a serious business—I was absent.  
The thing itself seem'd not so urgent to me.

OCTAVIO.

Be candid, Max. Then thou hadst no suspicion?

MAX.

Suspicion! What suspicion? Not the shadow.

OCTAVIO.

Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini,  
Who drew thee back unknowing from the abyss.

MAX.

I know not what thou mean'st.

OCTAVIO.

Then I will tell thee :

Thou would'st have lent thy name to villainy,  
And, with a single motion of the pen,  
Renounced thine oath, thy duty, and thine honour.

MAX (*rising*).

Octavio !

OCTAVIO.

Keep thy seat, for much, my son,  
Hast thou to hear from me. For years hast thou  
Lived on in inconceivable delusion ;  
The blackest plot beneath thy very eyes  
Is flaming day by day ; the powers of hell  
Have darken'd o'er thy judgment's clearer day.  
I can no more be silent—I must tear  
The bandage from thine eyes.

MAX.

Before thou speak'st,  
Bethink thee well ! If of suspicion only  
Thou mean'st to speak—and I foresee it goes

No farther—spare me these disclosures now ;  
I am not in the mood to hear them calmly.

OCTAVIO.

Strong as thy wish may be to shun the light,  
More forcible is mine to flash it on thee.  
I would have left thee to the innocence  
Of thine own heart, and to thine own discretion,  
But for thy heart itself I see the snare  
Destructively preparing now. The secret

*[Looking at him stedfastly.*

Which *thou* conceal'st from me, hath drawn forth *mine*.

*[MAX attempts to answer, but cannot proceed,  
and casts down his eyes to the ground in con-  
fusion.*

OCTAVIO (*after a pause*).

Know, then, thou art deceived and duped—they play  
A shameful game with thee, and with us all.  
The Duke pretends he is about to leave  
The army, at the moment while he plans  
To rob the Emperor of this very army,  
And lead it over to his country's foes !

MAX.

That priestly legend I had known before,  
But never thought to hear it from thy mouth.

OCTAVIO.

The mouth by which the tale is now repeated,  
May be thy pledge it is no priestly legend.

MAX.

Why, what a madman would they make the Duke?  
How should he ever think, that thirty thousand  
Selected troops, and honourable soldiers,  
Led by a thousand nobles, from their oath,  
Their duty, and their honour, could be lured,  
And thus combined for this disgraceful deed?

OCTAVIO.

Nothing so basely shameful does the Duke  
Desire of them. That which he aims at, bears  
A name more innocent and honourable.  
His will is but to give the Empire peace;  
And so, because the Emperor hates this peace,  
The Duke will, by compulsion, *drive* him to it.  
All parties thus he hopes to pacify;

And, for the guerdon of his toil, Bohemia,  
Which he already grasps, he means to keep.

MAX.

Hath he deserved of us, Octavio, say—  
That we—that ~~we~~ should think so meanly of him?

OCTAVIO.

What ~~we~~ may think of him is not the question.  
The thing speaks plainly out—the proofs are clear.  
My son, thou know'st full well how ill we stand  
With th' Emperor's court; but of the dark devices,  
The lying arts, thou know'st not, that are practised  
To stir the camp to mutiny. Unloosed  
Are all the bands of duty, that unite  
The officer unto his Emperor,  
The soldier to the peaceful citizen.  
All lawless and undutiful, he stands  
Array'd against the state he should have guarded,  
Threatening to turn the sword she gave against her.  
Nay, it hath gone so far, that even now  
The Emperor stands trembling at the sight  
Of his own armies—dreads the traitor's dagger

Within his capital—within his palace ;  
And is prepared to send his tender offspring,  
Not from the Swede and Lutheran away,  
But into shelter from his own array.

MAX.

O, Father, cease !—thou griev'st, thou shak'st my soul.  
I know they tremble but at empty terrors,  
But real ills spring from delusive fears.

OCTAVIO.

'Tis no delusion. Civil war will blaze,  
Of all the most unnatural, unless  
With speedy aid we fly to stop the flame.  
The chiefs have long ago been bought ; the faith  
Of the subaltern vacillates ; already  
Whole regiments, whole garrisons are wavering.  
To foreigners the fortresses are trusted ;  
To the suspected Schafgotsch is the whole  
Command within Silesia given ; to Terzky  
Five regiments, cavalry and infantry ;  
To Illo, Kinsky, Buttler, Isolani,  
The tried and best appointed troops committed.

MAX.

Ay—and to us.—

OCTAVIO.

Because they think they have us,  
And hope, by glittering promises, to lure us.  
So are the principalities of Glatz  
And Sagan given to me; and well I see  
The bait by which they think to snare thee.

MAX.

Nay—

Not so—not so.

OCTAVIO.

O ! let thine eyes be open'd.  
For what dost thou suppose we have been summon'd  
To Pilsen?—To hold council with us? When  
Did Friedland need our councils?—We are called  
Only to sell ourselves to him, or else,  
Resisting, to remain as hostages.  
Twas this that led Count Gallas to remain  
Aloof; nor would'st thou see thy father here,  
If higher duties did not rivet him.



MAX.

He makes no secret, that on *his* account  
We have been summon'd hither ; he confesses  
He needs our arms and aid to hold his post.  
He hath done *so much* for us ; and 'tis our duty  
Something in turn for him to do.

OCTAVIO.

And know'st thou

What 'tis that they would have us do for him ?  
The drunken mood of Illo hath betray'd it.  
Bethink thee well what thou hast seen and heard.  
Does not the counterfeited bond—the clause  
So all-decisive, yet omitted—show  
It is to nothing good they wish to bind us ?

MAX.

That which to-night took place about the writing,  
I hold as nothing but a base device  
Of Illo. Mischief-brokers such as he,  
Delight to drive all matters to a point.  
They see the favour of the Duke declining  
At Court, and think to render him a service,

By widening more and more the breach between them.  
The Duke, believe me, knows not of the matter.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me, I must dash to earth the faith  
Thou deem'st so firmly founded in this man.  
But now I cannot spare thee ; thou must now  
Decide and act with prompt determination ;  
Therefore must I confess to thee, my son,—  
That all which I have thus confided to thee—  
All which to thee appears incredible,  
The Prince, with his own mouth, hath told me.

MAX (*in violent agitation*).

Never !

OCTAVIO.

Himself confided to me what, in truth,  
By other channels, I had learn'd before—  
That he would lead us over to the Swede,  
And at the head of the united army,  
Compel the Emperor——

MAX.

He is violent ;

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The Court hath touch'd his temper to the quick ;  
And, in the heat of his resentment, he  
May for a moment have forgot himself.

OCTAVIO.

'Twas in cold blood that he confess'd to me  
All this ; and taking my astonishment  
For fear, produced to me, in confidence,  
The letters of the Swede and of the Saxon,  
That promise aid to a defined amount.

MAX.

It cannot be—it cannot—cannot be !  
Thou see'st thyself it cannot be—Thou must  
Have shown him *thy* abhorrence of the deed ;  
He must have clear'd himself at once—or thou  
Hadst never more stood living by my side.

OCTAVIO.

Well doth he know my thoughts. With urgency,  
With earnestness have I dissuaded him ;  
But my *abhorrence*—my internal loathing,  
Deep in my breast I have conceal'd.

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MAX.

And wert thou

Indeed so false?—That looks not like my father!

I would not trust thy words, when even now

They would have told me ill of *him*; still lessBelieve thee, when thou dost defame *thyself*.

OCTAVIO.

I never forced myself into his secrets.

MAX.

His confidence deserved sincerity.

OCTAVIO.

He was no longer worthy of my truth.

MAX.

Deceit, at least, was still less worthy of thee.

OCTAVIO.

Beloved son, we cannot always walk

Through life with all our infant purity;

Or hear the whispers of the voice within.

Eternally opposed to art and cunning,

The purest heart escapes not wholly pure:

It is the very curse of evil deeds,

That they immutably give birth to ill.  
I reason not—I do my duty only—  
The Emperor points the path which I should tread.  
True, it were better could we ever follow  
The heart's inclining ; but in doing so,  
Must many an honest purpose be abandon'd.  
Our end must be to serve the Emperor ;  
The heart may murmur—but it must be done.

MAX.

To-day I cannot comprehend thee, father.  
The Duke, thou say'st, disclosed to thee his heart  
Thus fairly, yet with foul intent ; and thou  
Hast with a good intent disguised thine own !—  
O cease, I prithee, cease !—thou shalt not take  
My friend from me—Let me not lose my father.

OCTAVIO (*suppressing his irritation*).

As yet thou know'st not all, my son. I have  
Something to tell thee still.

[*After a pause.*

The Duke of Friedland  
Hath made his preparations. He relies

Upon his stars. All unprepared, he thinks  
To fall upon us ;—he believes already  
His hand securely grasps the golden circle.  
He errs : for we have been in action too ;—  
Mysteriously he meets his evil fate.

MAX.

No rashness, father ! O, by all that's good,  
Let me conjure thee—no precipitation !

OCTAVIO.

With noiseless pace he trod the evil path ;  
With light and wary footstep Vengeance follow'd ;  
Dark and invisible she stands behind him ;  
Another step, and shuddering she will grasp him.  
Thou saw'st this Questenberg with me. As yet  
Thou know'st of nothing but his public office ;—  
A *private* mission, too, he brought, which was  
For me alone.

MAX.

May I not know it ?

OCTAVIO.

Max !

The welfare of the Empire :—With these words,  
Thy father's life I lay within thy hand.  
This Wallenstein is dear unto thy heart ;  
A powerful band of love and veneration  
Hath knit thee to him from thine earliest youth ;  
Thou nourishest the *wish*—Let me draw forth  
Thy struggling and reluctant confidence.—  
Thou nourishest the *hope*—to be united  
Yet closer to him.—

MAX.

Father !—

OCTAVIO.

I can trust

Thy heart ; but can I also trust thy calmness ?  
Wilt thou be able, with unshaken aspect,  
To stand before this man, when I have laid  
Before thee thus his evil history ?

MAX.

When thou shalt have convinced me of his *guilt*.

[OCTAVIO *takes a paper from his cabinet, and  
hands it to him.*

MAX.

How?—An Imperial letter patent?

OCTAVIO.

Read it.

MAX (*after glancing at it*).

The Prince condemn'd and outlaw'd!

OCTAVIO.

Even so.

MAX.

O! that is going far—O, fatal error!

OCTAVIO.

Read on—Compose thyself.

MAX (*after reading farther, with a look of astonishment at his father*).

How?—What?—Thou art——

OCTAVIO.

But for the moment;—only till the King  
Of Hungary with the army can appear,  
Is the command confided to me.

MAX.

And think'st thou, thou wilt ever wrest it from him?  
O think not of it!—Father! father! father!



An evil-boding office is assign'd thee.

This paper—*this* would'st thou make valid here ?

The mighty in the midst of his own army,

Encircled by his thousands, would'st disarm ?

Thou art lost for ever—thou and all of us.

OCTAVIO.

Full well I know the risk I run. I stand

In the Almighty's power. As with a shield,

Will Providence the Emperor's pious house

Protect, and this dark work of night destroy.

He hath true servants still. Even in the camp

Are brave and loyal men enough, who soon

Will range themselves upon the side of right.

The faithful have been warn'd—the false are watch'd ;

I wait but for the slightest step,—and then—

MAX.

What, on suspicion would'st thou act so rashly ?

OCTAVIO.

Far from the Emperor be all tyranny !

The deed alone he'll punish, not the will.

The Prince still holds his fate within his hands :

Let him but leave his treason unaccomplish'd,  
In peace will we remove him from his post ;  
He will resign it to his Emperor's son.  
An honourable exile to his Castles,  
Will be for him a kindness, not a penance ;  
But the first open step he takes shall be—

MAX.

Why dost thou speak of such a step ? He never  
Will take an evil one. This *thou* hast done ;  
For thou could'st even the purest misinterpret.

OCTAVIO.

Guilty as were the Prince's private aims,  
The steps on which he publicly hath ventured,  
As yet admitted of a milder meaning.  
Nor do I mean t' enforce this writing till  
Some deed is done that irresistibly  
Establishes his treason, and condemns him.

MAX.

But who shall be the judge of this ?

OCTAVIO.

Thyself.

MAX.

Then never will this writing be required ;  
I have thy word, thou wilt not act until  
Thou bring'st conviction of his guilt to *me* !

OCTAVIO.

Is't possible ?—What ?—After all thou know'st,  
Canst thou still think that he is innocent ?

MAX (*warmly*).

Thy judgment may have err'd, but not my heart.

[*Proceeding with more calmness.*

*His* spirit is not moulded like another's ;  
Even as his fate is with the stars connected,  
So does he in his wonderful, mysterious,  
Impenetrable course, resemble them.  
Trust me, they do him wrong,—all will be yet  
Unravell'd. Brightly will we see his sun  
Break forth behind the cloud of dark suspicion.

OCTAVIO.

I will await the time.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A SERVANT. Soon afterwards a COURIER.*

OCTAVIO.

What is the matter ?

SERVANT.

A messenger is waiting at the door.

OCTAVIO.

So early ?—Know'st thou who it is ?—Whence comes  
he ?

SERVANT.

He would not tell me.

OCTAVIO.

Bring him hither to me.

Let nought of this transpire.

[SERVANT goes out. Enter a CORNET.

Cornet !—'tis thou ?

Thou comest from Gallas—Give the letter to me.

CORNET.

My message is but verbal—for Count Gallas  
Would not intrust it otherwise.

OCTAVIO.

What is it?

CORNET.

He bids me say—— May I speak freely here?

OCTAVIO.

My son knows all.

CORNET.

We have him fast.

OCTAVIO.

Whom mean'st thou?

CORNET.

The negotiator—Old Sesina.

OCTAVIO (*quickly*).

Have ye?

CORNET.

In the Bohemian forests, yester morn  
Hath-Captain Mohrbrand seized him, on his route  
Unto the Swedes in Ratisbon with dispatches.

OCTAVIO.

And the dispatches——

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-General

Sent off to Vienna with the prisoner.

OCTAVIO.

Now—now at last these *are* important news.

The fellow is himself a costly casket,

Where mighty things lie hidden.—Found they much?

CORNET.

Six packets, with Count Terzky's seals and arms.

OCTAVIO.

None from the Prince's hand?

CORNET.

None, that I know of.

OCTAVIO.

Well, and Sesina——

CORNET.

He was sore alarm'd

When told he must be taken to Vienna.

But Altringer encouraged him to hope,  
If he would make a full and free confession.

OCTAVIO.

Is Altringer then with your chief? I heard  
That he lay sick at Lintz.

CORNET.

Three days ago  
He join'd our General at Frauenberg.  
They are already sixty standards strong,  
All chosen troops; and now they send to thee,  
To say, they wait for nothing but thine orders.

OCTAVIO.

In a few days much may be brought to light.  
When must ye go?

CORNET.

I wait thine orders.

OCTAVIO.

Then,

Remain till even.

CORNET.

'Tis well. . . [*About to go.*

OCTAVIO.

Did no one see thee?

CORNET.

No one. The Capuchins admitted me,  
As wont, in silence by the cloister-gate.

OCTAVIO.

Go then, repose, and keep thyself conceal'd ;  
Ere evening 'tis my purpose to dispatch thee.  
Events draw near to their accomplishment ;  
And ere the fateful day, that now in heaven  
Portentous dawns above us, sinks in night,  
The lot of good or evil must be drawn.

## SCENE III.

*The two PICCOLOMINI.*

OCTAVIO.

Now then, my son—now all will soon be clear ;  
For all I know was managed through Sesina.



MAX (*who during the whole of the former Scene has remained in strong inward agitation, resolutely*).

I will, by shorter ways, have light upon it.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Where now? Remain!

MAX.

Unto the Duke.

OCTAVIO.

What!

MAX.

If thou thought'st that I should act a part  
In this thy play, thou hast indeed deceived  
Thyself in me. My way must be straight on.  
I cannot carry truth upon my tongue,  
And falsehood in my heart; suffer a friend  
To trust me as a friend, then lull my conscience  
With this poor anodyne—that by *himself*  
He acted—that I never *lied* to him.  
Whatever I am bought for, that I'll be.  
I'll to the Duke: To-day will I conjure him

To justify his truth and loyalty  
Before the world, and burst your artful webs,  
By one straight-forward step, at once asunder.

OCTAVIO.

This would'st thou do ?

MAX.

That will I, doubt it not.

OCTAVIO.

I have indeed deceived myself in thee !  
I hoped to find in thee a prudent son,  
Who would have bless'd the saving hand that drew him  
Backward from the abyss ; but now I see  
A fascinated boy, whom two fair eyes  
Have fool'd, whose reason passion's mists have clouded,  
Which the bright day is powerless to dispel.  
Go to him—question him—Be rash enough  
To sacrifice the secrets of thy father,  
And of thine Emperor, for him. Compel me  
Unto an open rupture ere the time.  
And now, when by a wonder-work of Heaven  
My secret till to-day hath been protected—

Suspicion's piercing glances lull'd to sleep—  
Now let me live to see, that mine own son,  
With thoughtless, madman-like precipitance,  
My long, laborious policy destroys.

MAX.

Accursed policy ! how I detest thee !—  
By this, your policy, ye'll drive him on  
At last to do some desperate act, and make him  
Guilty, because ye wish to see him so.  
This cannot end in good ; and let the issue  
Be what it may, I see, with sad foreboding,  
An ominous catastrophe is nigh.  
The kingly Wallenstein, whene'er he falls,  
Will drag a world to ruin down with him ;  
And as a ship, that midway on the ocean  
Takes fire, and, blown at once into the air,  
Shoots out its shatter'd crew 'twixt sea and sky,  
So will he drag us all, who to his fortunes  
Are fetter'd, headlong with him in his fall.

Act as thy heart shall prompt thee, but permit

Me too to follow the advice of mine.

Pure must it stand betwixt the Duke and me,

And, ere the day declines, it must be seen

Which I am doom'd to lose—the friend or father.

[ *While he retires, the Curtain falls.*

END OF THE PICCOLOMINI.

## **NOTES.**



# NOTES

TO

## THE PICCOLOMINI.

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Act I. Scene I. page 2.

*When we encounter'd Mansfeld at Dessau.*

PETER ERNEST, Count Mansfeld, was the natural son of an Austrian general, and had been legitimated by the Emperor Rodolph. He served his first campaigns in Hungary, under the Archduke Charles, and successively entered into the service of Spain, of Savoy, and of the unfortunate Elector-Palatine. Without assistance, save from his own talents and resources, he supported a numerous force, and alone kept at bay the army of Wallenstein upon the Elbe, and prevented its junction with that of Tilly. Notwithstanding the enemy's superiority, he approached the bridge of Dessau, and ventured to entrench himself before the Imperial lines on the other side. But, having been surrounded by the enemy, he was

obliged to yield to superior numbers, and to abandon his post, after an obstinate resistance, with the loss of 3000 men.

Scene II. page 9.

*'Twas in Moravia, at Znaim.*

When the rapid advances and brilliant success of Gustavus Adolphus compelled the Emperor again to offer to Wallenstein the command, of which he had been deprived, Quesenberg and Werdenberg, who had been the old friends of Wallenstein, were employed to manage the negotiation by the Emperor. Their first proposal was, that the King of Hungary should take the nominal command, while the real authority should be committed to Wallenstein; but the bare mention of the proposal threatened to put an end to the negotiation. Wallenstein declared he never would admit of an associate in the command. But even after this obnoxious point was given up, the Imperial favourite and minister, Prince Eggenberg, Wallenstein's steady friend, for a long time exhausted all his eloquence to overcome the pretended aversion of the latter. "The Emperor," said the minister, "had in Wallenstein lost the most costly jewel in his crown, but he had already sufficiently repented of this compulsory and hasty step, and his respect for him was unchangeable. He now gave the most decisive proof of it, in the unlimited confidence in his fidelity and talents, in his ability to remedy the faults of his predecessors, and to change the appearance of affairs. It would be great and noble for him to sacrifice his just indig-



nation to the good of his country, and worthy of him to oppose the warmth of his redoubted zeal to the calumny of his enemies. The victory over himself," ended the Prince, "would crown his inestimable merits, and render him the greatest man of the age."

Such humiliation, and such flattering promises, at length appeared to disarm the indignation of Wallenstein, but not until he had made a pompous display of his services, and exhausted his reproaches against the monarch, who now sued to him for assistance. As if he yielded to these considerations alone, he consented, with haughty and assumed reluctance, to what was the most ardent wish of his soul, and deigned to favour the messenger with a ray of hope.—*History of the Thirty Years' War*, Book III.

Scene II. page 15.

*The child, we understand, is found already.*

The young King of Hungary, the son of the Emperor, and intended successor of Wallenstein in the command.

Act II. Scene I. page 42.

*The Duke himself must let him have his way.*

The credulous belief in astrology which was strangely mingled in the character of Wallenstein, with extreme acuteness of intellect, and contempt for the ordinary prejudices of superstition, subjected him almost implicitly to the influence of an Italian astrologer, Seni, who accompanied him in all his

campaigns, and whom he consulted on every occasion of importance.

Scene V. page 58.

*The Count acquaints thee,  
That he hath sought the Swedish Chancellor  
At Halberstadt.*

The celebrated Oxenstiern, the friend and minister of Gustavus Adolphus, with whom Wallenstein, perceiving the decline of his influence at court, had for some time carried on a secret negotiation, the object of which was to effect a union with the Swedish forces, and, at the head of the united armies, dictate his own terms to the Emperor.

Page 60.

*And with the Saxons dost thou mean to deal  
More honourably?*

With that extreme and wide-reaching policy, which was one of the remarkable features of Wallenstein's character, he had entered into similar proposals also to the Saxons. This over-caution was the means of destroying the plan; for the Swedish general, Arnheim, in a conference with Oxenstiern, discovering that the same proposals had been made to both, naturally imagined that Wallenstein only intended to make tools of both, and declined to enter into his schemes.

## Scene VII. page 73.

*With the intent, in sight of Nuremberg,**The great and bloody conflict to decide.*

The Imperial army, with which Wallenstein appeared in the Upper Palatinate, after his restoration to command, amounted to nearly 60,000 veteran troops, before which Gustavus Adolphus, who had hitherto enjoyed an uninterrupted career of success, found himself unable to keep the field. He had no choice left, but either to throw himself into Nuremberg, at the risk of being shut up by Wallenstein's army, and starved into a surrender, or to sacrifice Nuremberg, and under the cannon of Donauwerth to await a reinforcement. He determined, at all hazards, to defend Nuremberg. Measures were immediately taken to surround the city and suburbs by redoubts, and to form an entrenched camp. The citizens laboured with a heroic zeal to assist these operations, and to make the necessary preparations for sustaining a siege, by the accumulation of provisions and ammunition. Gustavus, whose army amounted to only 16,000, immediately summoned his allies, the Duke of Weimar, and the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, to his assistance, and in this position awaited the approach of Wallenstein.

The first step taken by Wallenstein, was to erect, opposite Nuremberg, a strong fortified camp, in such a position as to cut off the communication with Franconia, Suabia, and Thuringia. But in his anxiety to cut off the resources of his adver-

sary, he had omitted the necessary preparations for the subsistence of his own numerous army. Great distress already began to be experienced for want of provisions ; and the capture of a large convoy, which was surprised and taken by Gustavus, led Wallenstein almost to regret that he had not immediately hazarded a battle.

At last the Swedish succours arrived, and Gustavus being now in a condition to act on the offensive, immediately prepared for a decisive attack upon the camp of Wallenstein. He was the more induced to adopt this resolution, from the diseases which scarcity and confinement had already produced within his camp.

“ To terminate these necessities, Gustavus Adolphus, relying upon his strength, left his lines on the fifty-fifth day, formed in order of battle in front of the enemy, and cannonaded Wallenstein’s camp from three batteries which he had raised upon the banks of the Rednitz. But Wallenstein remained immovable in his entrenchments, and contented himself with answering this challenge by a distant fire of cannon and small arms. To reduce the King to straits by a defensive plan, and to overcome his patience by the force of hunger, he carefully avoided a battle ; and neither the remonstrances of Maximilian, the spirit of the army, nor the enemy’s reproaches, could overcome this resolution. Deceived in his expectations, and pressed by want, Gustavus Adolphus resolved upon an impossibility, and determined to storm the camp, which was rendered inaccessible by art and nature.

“ After he had entrusted his own camp to the Nuremberg militia, he advanced on St Bartholomew’s day, the fifty-eighth of his encampment, in full order of battle, and passing the Rednitz at Furt, drove the advanced posts of the enemy with ease before him ; their main force stood upon the heights between the Biber and the Rednitz ; and the camp, commanded by those heights, extended along the plain. The whole artillery was collected upon this eminence. Deep ditches surrounded inaccessible entrenchments—thick abattis and pointed palisades defended the approach of a height, from the summit of which, calmly and at his ease, Wallenstein discharged the thunder of his artillery, amid thick clouds of smoke. An effectual fire was sustained from behind the breastworks by the musketry, and a hundred pieces of cannon threatened the bold assailant with certain destruction. It was against this dangerous post that Gustavus Adolphus directed his attack, and 500 musketeers, supported by a few infantry, (for many could not advance by reason of the narrowness of the position,) had the unprofitable honour of being the first that sacrificed their lives before the enemy. The assault was furious, the resistance obstinate: Exposed to the whole fire of the enemy’s artillery, and undismayed through the aspect of inevitable death, these determined warriors stormed the heights, which, in a moment, were converted to a second Hecla, and discharged among them a shower of shot. Immediately upon this, the heavy cavalry rushed forward between the openings which the enemy’s fire made among the assailants, whose

ranks at length fell into disorder, and who, after the loss of 100 men killed, betook themselves to flight. It was to the Germans that Gustavus Adolphus yielded the fatal post of honour; and, exasperated by their retreat, he now led his Finlanders to the assault, by their northern courage to disgrace the German cowardice. But they also, having experienced a similar reception, yielded to the superior position of the enemy, and a new regiment relieved them with as little success; this was succeeded by a third, a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth; so that, during a ten hours' action, every regiment came into fire, and was repulsed with loss. A thousand dead bodies covered the field; nevertheless Gustavus Adolphus still renewed the attack, and Wallenstein intrepidly maintained his position.

“ Meanwhile the Imperial cavalry charged the left wing of the Swedes, which was posted in a field, with great impetuosity, and the combat was maintained with intrepidity and carnage on both sides, with various success. Wallenstein and Bernard, Duke of Weimar, had each a horse shot under him; the King himself had part of his boot taken away by a cannon-ball. The combat was maintained with equal obstinacy until the approach of night separated them. But the Swedes found themselves too far advanced to undertake a retreat without danger. While the King sought for an officer to convey to the regiments his order to retreat, he met Colonel Hepburn, a brave Scotsman, whose native courage had alone drawn him from the camp to partake the dangers of the day.

Displeased with the King, who had some time before preferred a younger colonel to him after a dangerous action, he had formed the resolution of quitting the service. Gustavus Adolphus now turned to him, and, paying him some compliments upon his bravery, requested him to command the regiments to retreat. "Sire," answered the intrepid soldier, "that is the only service I can render your Majesty, since it is accompanied with danger;" and immediately hastened to obey his orders. In fact, the Duke of Weimar had, during the heat of the battle, taken possession of an eminence which commanded the enemy; but a heavy rain, which fell the same night, rendered its sides so slippery that the cannon could not be brought up, and it was accordingly abandoned. Diffident of his good fortune, which forsook him on this decisive day, the King did not venture, on the following morning, to renew the attack, and, vanquished for the first time because he was not victor, he led back his troops over the Rednitz. Two thousand dead, whom he left on the field of battle, betrayed his loss; and Wallenstein remained in his camp unconquered."

Page 75.

*And so fell Ratisbon!*

Wallenstein was too well aware that he owed his first removal from command to the influence of Maximilian of Bavaria, to be disposed to make any great exertion to save Ratisbon. He continued to temporize, though he promised assistance; and even announced that 12,000 troops were already

on their march under the command of Gallaa. He had, however, given private orders to that general, to avail himself of every possible pretext for delay; and accordingly, before the arrival of the long-expected aid, Ratisbon had surrendered.

Page 77.

*On Steinau's plains, then did the Swedish host*

*Lay down its arms, &c.*

Irritated by the failure of his schemes with the Saxons, Wallenstein at last determined to display his strength. He made a movement as if he designed to penetrate through Lusatia to Saxony, and spread a report that Piccolomini was already marching towards that quarter. Arnheim immediately broke up his camp to follow him, and succour the Electorate. By this movement, he exposed the Swedes, who were encamped in small numbers at Steinau on the Oder; and this was exactly what Wallenstein desired. He allowed the Saxon General to hasten before him about sixteen miles towards Meissen, and on a sudden returned to the Oder, where he surprised the Swedes in the utmost security. Their cavalry was first defeated by General Schafgotsch, and their infantry completely surrounded by Wallenstein's army which followed. Wallenstein gave their leader half an hour to consider whether he should defend himself with 2500 men against more than 20,000, or surrender at discretion. In such a situation there was no room for hesitation. The whole corps surrendered; colours, baggage, and artillery, all fell into the hands of the



conquerors. The officers were detained in custody, and the privates compelled to serve under Wallenstein. Among the prisoners was the famous Count Thurn, the leader of the Swedes, the author of the Bohemian insurrection, and the cause of this destructive war. The arrival of this long-expected criminal was impatiently awaited in Vienna. But it did not suit the plans of Wallenstein to surrender him to the Emperor. The pleasure of mortifying the Jesuits was to Wallenstein a more agreeable triumph, than the punishment of this agitator; and, besides, Thurn was in possession of information with regard to the plans of Wallenstein, which rendered it by no means advisable that he should be sent to Vienna. He, therefore, obtained his liberty.

Page 80.

*But at the Princes'-day, at Ratisbon,*

*There it broke out.*

The sudden elevation of Wallenstein, his haughtiness, his exactions, and his arbitrary conduct, soon diminished the good understanding which had subsisted between the Emperor and the other Princes of the Catholic league. Maximilian of Bavaria, in particular, who had previously been accustomed almost to give law to the Emperor, felt with more than ordinary keenness the change which had taken place. A strong league was gradually formed against Wallenstein, and the loudest complaints circulated against him at the Imperial Court. Ferdinand long resisted the repeated attacks of Wal-

lenstein's enemies. He felt his importance ; he was aware of the extent of his services, and seemed almost to have a presentiment, that without his aid, the fabric which he had reared must soon go to ruin. But unfortunately for Wallenstein, the Emperor was fettered by opposing considerations. It was necessary for him to conciliate the good will of the Electors, in order to obtain the appointment of his son Ferdinand, King of Hungary, as his successor in the Empire ; and for this purpose the consent of Maximilian was indispensable. The influence, too, of the Jesuits, to whom the Emperor listened, as to the delegates of Heaven, was too strong to be resisted ; and the dismissal of Wallenstein was at last resolved on.

“ Wallenstein commanded an army of near one hundred thousand men, by whom he was adored, when the news of his dismissal was communicated to him. The greater part of the officers were his creatures, and a hint from him decided the fate of the common soldiers ; his ambition was boundless, his pride insupportable, and his imperious spirit could not brook an injury ; one moment was now to precipitate him from the height of power to the condition of a private man. To execute such a sentence upon such a criminal, appeared to require an act no less than that by which it had been obtained ; but precautions had been taken to select two of Wallenstein's most intimate friends, as the heralds of these bad tidings, who softened them as much as possible by the assurance of the continuation of the Emperor's favour.

“ Wallenstein was already acquainted with the nature of their errand, when the Emperor’s messengers made their appearance ; he had time to collect himself, and his countenance showed calmness while his breast was torn by contending passions. But he had predetermined to yield implicit obedience. This resolution of the Emperor surprised him before circumstances were matured for a bold step, or his preparations in a state of sufficient forwardness. His great estates were scattered over Bohemia and Moravia : by their confiscation the Emperor would destroy the nerves of his power. From time he expected satisfaction, and in this hope he was encouraged by the prophecies of an Italian astrologer, who led this otherwise intrepid spirit like a child. Seni had read in the stars that the career of his master was not yet ended, and that the sequel had prepared for him a brilliant fortune. It was indeed unnecessary to consult the stars in order to make it probable, that an enemy such as Gustavus Adolphus would make the services of such a General as Wallenstein indispensable.

“ ‘ The Emperor is betrayed,’ said Wallenstein to the messengers : ‘ I pity, but forgive him : it is evident that Bavaria domineers ; I am sorry that he has so easily sacrificed me, but I will obey.’ The emissaries were dismissed with protection and rich presents, and he besought the Emperor’s further favour in an humble letter. The murmurs of his army were universal upon hearing the dismissal of their General, and the greater part of his officers immediately quitted the Imperial

service ; several followed him to his estates in Bohemia and Moravia ; others he attached by pensions, in order to command their services whenever opportunity offered.

“ His intentions were by no means fixed on repose while he returned to a private station. In his solitude he was surrounded by a regal pomp which appeared to mock his degradation ; six gates led to his palace in Prague, and a hundred houses were demolished in order to clear the surrounding space. Similar palaces were built upon his numerous estates ; gentlemen of the first families sought the honour of seeing him, and Imperial chamberlains were known to deliver up the golden key in order to exercise that duty under Wallenstein ; he maintained sixty pages, who were instructed by the most able masters ; his antechamber was protected by fifty life-guards ; his table never consisted of less than a hundred covers, and his house-steward was a person of distinction ; when he travelled, his suite and baggage were carried upon a hundred waggons, drawn by six and four horses ; his court followed him in sixty coaches, attended by fifty led horses ; the magnificence of his liveries, the splendour of his equipage, and the decorations of his apartments were in proportion ; six barons and as many knights continually attended his person ; twelve patrols went their rounds in his palace to prevent any disturbance ; his busy genius required silence ; the noise of coaches was not permitted near his residence, and the streets leading to it were often shut up with chains. His deportment was no less impenetrable than his access : dark, reserved, and

profound, he was more sparing of his words than his gifts, and the little that he spoke was uttered in unamiable accents; he never smiled, and the coldness of his temperature withstood all sensual gratifications. Ever occupied by the most extensive schemes of ambition, he rejected those idle dissipations in which others spend the best part of their time; a correspondence throughout Europe he managed himself, and the greater part of his letters were written by his own pen. He was a man of large stature, thin, of a yellow complexion, with red short hair, and small but penetrating eyes; his countenance displayed a forbidding seriousness, and the magnificence of his presents could alone retain the trembling crowd of his servants.

“It was in this stately darkness that Wallenstein awaited, not inactively, the return of his good fortune, and the hour of his revenge; the brilliant successes of Gustavus Adolphus soon gave him reason to expect its approach. He had abandoned none of his vast plans; the Emperor's ingratitude had absolved him from a burdensome duty; the splendour of his life, as a private man, betrayed the extent of his ambition; and bountiful even as a monarch, he seemed to regard as his own, the possessions which his hopes assigned him.”

## Act IV. Scene I. p. 134.

*Here ! read this instrument ;*

*See if thou think'st it right as we have framed it.*

The real circumstances attending this attempt to procure the signatures of the officers to the counterfeited bond, are thus given in the *History of the Thirty Years' War*, vol. II.

" Illo undertook to learn the sentiments of the commanders, and prepare them for the step which was meditating. He began with stating the new demands of the court to the general and the army; and by the obnoxious turn which he gave them, it was easy to inflame the indignation of the whole assembly. After this well-chosen preface, he expatiated with much eloquence upon the merits of the army, and of its general, and upon the ingratitude with which the Emperor intended to requite them. ' Spanish influence,' he said, ' directed every measure of the court: Wallenstein alone had hitherto resisted this tyranny, and therefore exposed himself to the mortal hatred of the Spaniards. To remove him from the army, or to accomplish his death, was,' added he, ' long the end of their desires; and until they should effect the one or the other, they endeavoured to abridge his power in the field. The command was to be given to the King of Hungary, for no other reason than that this prince, as the ready instrument of foreign councils, might be led at pleasure, the better to promote the Spanish power in Germany. It was merely to weaken the army that 6000 men were required for the Car-

dinal Infant; it was entirely to destroy them that they were required in the middle of winter to lay siege to Ratisbon. Every means of subsisting the army was rendered difficult, while the Jesuits and the ministers enriched themselves with the treasures of the provinces, and squandered the money which was intended for the troops. The general, abandoned by the court, acknowledged his inability to perform his promise with the army. For all the services which he had, during twenty-two years, rendered the House of Austria, for all the pains which he had taken, and for all the riches which he had expended of his own property to promote the Imperial service, a second disgraceful resignation was now required of him; but he declared that he never would consent to that. He would of his own accord give up the command rather than be forcibly deprived of it. This,' continued the speaker, 'is what he has commissioned me to say. Let every one now ask himself if it will be prudent to lose such a general. Let each consider who will refund him the sums which he has expended in the Emperor's service, and where he can obtain the reward of his valour, when he, before whom it was exerted, is no more.'

"A general cry that they would not abandon their commander, interrupted the speaker. Four of the principals were deputed to lay before him the desires of the meeting, and earnestly to request he would not leave the army. Wallenstein made an appearance of resistance, and only yielded after a second deputation. This condescension upon his side seem-

ed to deserve a return upon theirs. As he engaged not to quit the service without the knowledge and consent of the generals, he required from them a written promise to be faithful to him, never to permit a separation, and to defend him to the last drop of their blood. Whoever refused to sign this engagement was to be considered as a traitor, and treated by the remainder as a common enemy. The express condition which was added, '*So long as Wallenstein shall continue to use the army for the Emperor's service,*' seemed to exclude every mistake, and none of the generals hesitated to grant a request so apparently innocent and reasonable.

"This paper was publicly read before an entertainment which Field-marshal Illo had ordered for the purpose; and it was intended to be signed on rising from table. The host did his utmost to intoxicate his guests; and it was not until he had effected his purpose that he produced the paper for signature. Most of them wrote their names, without knowing what they signed; only a few, more curious than the rest, threw their eyes over it a second time, and to their astonishment discovered that the clause, '*So long as Wallenstein shall use the army to the Emperor's service,*' was omitted. Illo had artfully substituted a second copy for the first, and left out the above clause. The deceit was open, and many now refused to sign their names. Piccolomini, who saw through the whole cheat, and who only assisted at this meeting to inform the Court of its proceedings, forgot himself so much in his cups as to drink the Emperor's health. But Count Terzky now rose, and de-



clared all were perjured villains who should recede from their promise. His threats, and the idea of the inevitable danger to which those who resisted any longer should be exposed, the example of the majority, and Illo's oratory, at length overcame every scruple, and the paper was signed without exception."

Scene V. p. 147.

*The cup is precious to the Utraquist.*

Utraquist, the name assumed by the adherents of Huss, in reference to their distinctive characteristic, that of partaking of the communion in both forms. In other points they adhered to the ceremonies and doctrines of the Church of Rome. Latterly, however, the name was assumed by sects who were in reality Protestants in every important point.

Page 148.

*That represents Bohemia's Royal Letter.*

The famous letter, or declaration, extorted from the Emperor Rodolph II., by the Bohemian insurgents under Count Thurn, by which the Utraquists were put in possession of the University of Prague, and obtained a consistory of their own, with a confirmation of their right to all churches then belonging to them, and a permission to the nobility, gentry, and magistrates, to erect new ones. The letter was afterwards destroyed by Ferdinand, as mentioned in the play, after the

decisive battle of Prague, and the defeat of Frederick the Elector Palatine.

Page 149.

*This represents the scene at Prague, where both  
The privy councillors, Martinitz, Slavata,  
Were thrown head-foremost from the castle window.  
Ay, right—here stands Count Thurn, who gave the order.*

The ambiguity of the letter of his Majesty left open many points which could not fail very soon to occasion disputes between the Catholic and Protestant parties. The clause, in particular, with regard to the erection of new churches, was interpreted in the most opposite ways by the rival parties, and the Catholics having destroyed the churches which the Protestants had erected at Brunau and Clostergrab, a meeting of the Deputies of the latter party was immediately summoned. The Imperial party, instead of endeavouring to appease the popular irritation, seemed anxious only to increase the ferment. The Privy Councillors, Slavata and Baron Martinitz, had rendered themselves particularly obnoxious to the Bohemians, by their active participation in this affair. At last, instigated by the celebrated Count Thurn, the Bohemians, on the 23d of May, 1618, entered the palace by force, while the members of the Regency, Sternberg, Martinitz, Lobkowitz, and Slavata, were sitting. They demanded of the Deputies, whether or not they had any share in the Imperial proclamation, by which the destruction of the Protestant

churches had been vindicated. Sternberg received them with moderation, Martinitz with disdain. This decided their fate. Sternberg and Lobkowitz, less hated and more dreaded, were shown out of the room, while Slavata and Martinitz were dragged to the window, and flung into a ditch 80 feet deep. They had the good fortune, however, to escape by falling on a dunghill, which saved their lives.

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